

Geronimo Stilton



VOYAGERS ON THE EIGHTH JOURNEY THROUGH TIME



Geronimo Stilton

My name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton. I am the editor-in-chief of The Rodent's Gazette.

Thea Stilton

My sister, Thea, is athletic and brave! She's also a special correspondent for The Rodent's Gazette.





TRAP

My cousin Trap is a terrible prankster sometimes! His favorite hobby is playing jokes on me... but he's family, and I love him!

Benjamin

Benjamin is my favorite little nephew. He's a sweet and caring ratlet, and he makes me so proud!





Bluster Squeak

This mouse was my history teacher in high school, and he is also a skilled inventor and a friend of Paws von Volt, Beaker Poirat, and Cyril B. Sandsnout.

Beaker Poirat

He is a marvemouse scientist, with a phenomenal brain! He is the one who invented the Bananacraft, the time machine we use in this adventure.





Cyril B. Sandsnout

Professor Sandsnout is the director of the Archaeology Mouseum of New Mouse City, and is also a great friend of mine. He travels the world looking for mysterious papyrus scrolls and archaeological relics.

Trappy

This is my lively niece Trappy! She is a mischievous rascal who is identical to Trap in every way — including pulling pranks on me!





CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

Creepella is an enchanting journalist from Mysterious Valley. She also has a huge crush on me and keeps saying she wants to marry me...but I'm not interested!



AREN'T YOU IN THE MOUSITI ISLANDS?!

I should've known that day would be **TERRIBLE**. Not just **TERRIBLE** — **REALLY**, **MOUSERIFICALLY TERRIBLE**!

Does that ever happen to you? When, first thing in the **morning**, you realize that everything that can go wrong that day *will* go wrong?





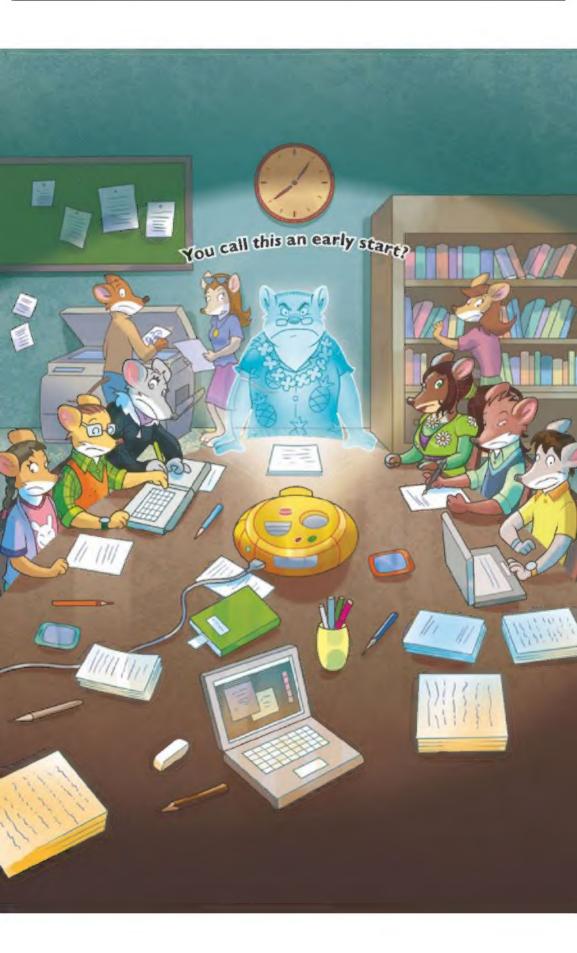
MOUSITI ISLANDS?!

That morning, I woke up early and — squeak! I'm sorry, I haven't introduced myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famouse newspaper on Mouse Island.

As I was saying: as usual, I had gotten up and gone to work. At the office, my assistant, Mousella, greeted me by saying, "Good morning, Mr. Stilton! Why are you so Pale? Hurry — they are all waiting for you in the conference room, with Mr. Shortpaws!"

"Huh? GRANDFATHER WILLIAM?" I muttered as I climbed the stairs. "He doesn't work here anymore!" He retired from *The Rodent's Gazette* many years ago. Last I heard, he was on vacation in the MOUSITI ISLANDS!

I opened the door to the conference room and couldn't believe my eyes. It was really him: my grandfather, the one, the only . . . William Shortpaws!



Ouchie



MOUSITI ISLANDS?!

"G-G-Grandfather!" I stammered. "What are you doing here? Aren't you in the Mousiti Islands?"

Suddenly, I realized my grandfather wasn't there in the fur and whiskers — he was a **HOLOGRAM!**

"You call *this* an early start?!" Grandfather thundered. "Is this how you run *my* newspaper?!"

I tried to respond. "Er, well, you entrusted it to me many years ago, and —"

"Silence!" he roared, making me jump in fright — and hit my head on the side of the door. Ouch.

ouch, ouchie!

Grandfather continued his tirade. "I knew that I shouldn't have retired. The Rodent's Gazette is still in need of mice like me! Now sit down, and let's begin the MEETING."

I took a seat at the table, my whiskers trembling.

Thea leaned toward me and whispered, "Did you really need to make Grandfather angry? You know how he is!"

"I didn't do it on purpose!" I squeaked. "Who knew he would be here?! I mean, he's not here, he's there, in the Mousiti Islands, but he's also here while he's there, and . . . how did he even manage to use this crazy new technology?!"

Ouch, ouch, ouchie! "Cool, isn't it?" Thea said. "It's

all thanks to Beaker Poirat!"

"Beaker Poirat?"

"Silence!" Grandfather Shortpaws roared again, making me jump in fright — and **BITE** my tongue. Ouch, ouch, ouchie!

Grandfather turned his fiery

BEAKER POIRAT



FIRST NAME: Beaker

LAST NAME: Poirat

PROFESSION: Scientist/inventor

thirteen degrees in the following subjects: Reactive Pistachio Science, Pistachius Accelerator Science, Green Neuronic Science, Science of the Pistachiacious Shell, Techniques of Energetic Pistachio

Extrapolation, Prototonic Pistachions, the Nutritive Theory of Dried Fruit, the Science of the Pistachiosphere Improbability, Pistachio Phenomenology, Pistachiatic Enigmas, Communicative Techniques of Pistachio Shells, the Study of Effects of Pistachio Indigestion on the Inventive Process, and the Origins of Pistachios.

DISTINGUISHING TRAITS: If you couldn't already tell, he adores pistachios.

ILLUSTRIOUS RELATIVES: His cousin Hercule Poirat is the most famouse detective in New Mouse City.

FRIENDS: Professor Paws von Volt, Professor Bluster Squeak, Professor Cyril B. Sandsnout

gaze toward me. "Still a lazyfur, I see! You never change!"

Then he turned to Thea and said affectionately, "Thea, my dear! You are always prompt and organized. Could you kindly go over the AGENDA?"

"Of course, Grandfather!" Thea said. "We must:

- Approve the cover for Geronimo's latest novel.
- 2 Review samples from illustrators.
- 3 Choose a title for our new series of joke books and puzzle books.
- 4 Decide on the Number of pages in the next Journey Through Time book."

Grandfather William clapped his paws, nodding in satisfaction. "Bravo! Well done, my favorite grandchild!"

Then he turned toward me, pointing. "Do you see how it's done, Geronimo?!"

That gave me such a fright, I jumped up and

Aren't You in the



Mousite Islands?!



my knee on the table. Ouch, ouch, ouchie!

Why, why, why does everything always happen to me?

Grandfather continued relentlessly. "You should learn from your sister, Geronimo. She is really a true Stilton! Now get to work — they're about to start dance class here at the resort, and I don't want to be late! **LET'S GO!**"





A GRAND GALA EVENING

After the editorial meeting, I went to my office, ready to Gic in to work. But after a few minutes, I heard a horn honking outside.

I looked out the window — holey cheese! It was Thea on a *motorcycle*!

"Gerrykins, I'm going to get ready for tonight's Grand Gala. Remember to pick up your tuxedo."

"Huh?!" I squeaked. "T-tuxedo? Wh-what gala?!"

Thea rolled her eyes. "Don't be a cheesebrain!

It's the Mouseum Gala!"

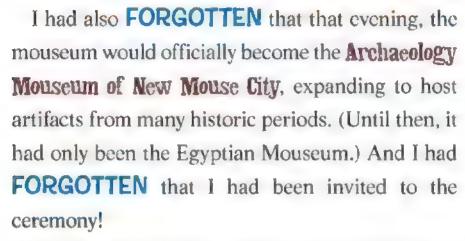
Moldy mozzarella! I had totally FORGOTTEN that the mouseum was going to receive the prestigious Petrified Cheese Prize that evening!





THE PETRIFIED CHEESE PRIZE

The Petrified Cheese Prize is a prestigious award that is given to the best mouseums in the world. It's very difficult to attain: the mouseum's collection must pass the test of Ratmund Rattisford, esteemed expert in history and archaeology.



So I asked Mousella to pick my tuxedo up from the dry cleaner's. Meanwhile, I worked through my own to-do LIST...

At 6:00 p.m. on the dot, I returned home.



Soon, the doorbell []. It was Thea, Trap, Benjamin, and Trappy.

Benjamin greeted me enthusiastically. "Hi, Uncle G! Today Trappy and I went to the amousement park!"

Trappy continued. "Heya, Geronimonimo! The amousement park was a smash! There was a pirate's cave, and we did a treasure hunt with a map—look!"

Trap said hello, too. "Hey there, Geronimini!"

I Sighted. "How many times do I have to tell

Look, a treasure map!

you mice that my name is *Geronimo*?!"

"Alrighty, Geronimation, if you say so . . ."

"G-E-R-O-N-i-M-O!"

"As you wish . . . but now let's get a move on, or we'll be late to the gala, Geronimeister!"

Rat-munching rattlesnakes! Trap would never change.

We arrived at the **mouseum**. There was already a huge crowd waiting to enter, including the mayor!

"My little bat wing! Youdhoode!"

Oh no . . . I recognized that squeak. Alas, I knew it quite well. **Creepella** came at me with open arms.

"My darling mouse, you're here! This mouseum



is beautiful — it would be the perfect place for a wedding, don't you think?"

"A w-w-wedding?!" I stammered.

Creepella chuckled. "Of course! See how perfectly gloomy it would be among all those mummies?!"

Thea chimed in — she's one of Creepella's best friends. "Oh, Creepella! You are so right. It

would be perfect for a

wedding!"

My eyes opened "Who

is getting married?"

Trap piped up, too. "You are truly a Special rodent:

fascinating, intelligent, classy . . .

Would be a second of the secon

Thea, Creepella, and Flora have been friends since their school days. Now my sister, Thea, is a special correspondent for The Rodent's Gazette, Creepella is a journalist in Mysterious Valley, and Flora is an herbalist.

just like me! Not like my cousin Geroni*moid*. He's such a fool! Any mouse would be lucky to marry you."

Great chunks of cheddar! Suddenly, it was clear to me . . .

Trap • Trap • had a crush • on Creepella!

Trap continued squeaking. "Let's be honest: you need a class-A rat, not just anyone! You need a fascinating, athletic mouse who has seen the world and knows what it means to work hard! Did I ever tell you about my Sixteen jebs?!"

Trappy took out her notebook and cried, "I know them! I've written them all down here"!"

Do you want to know what Trap's sixteen jobs are? Just turn the page!





2) Dentist for carnivorous plants



1) Builder of mirror mazes for amousement parks

3) Stuntmouse for dangerous movie scenes



4) Painter of rabbit hutches



5) Flea-circus trainer



6) Writer of messages on the inside of chocolate wrappers



7) Talking mime





GET THAT REPTILE OFF ME!

Just then, Cyril B. Sandsnout, the director of the mouseum, arrived.

"Geronimo, my dear mouse!" he said. "What a pleasure to have you here on this very partial occasion!" Cyril's eyes were sparkling. He was truly excited! He continued squeaking. "We

worked really hard all these years, and in the end, our **DREAM** has come true!"

I must confess, his joy really moved me! I smiled and put a paw on his shoulder. "You have truly earned the Petrified Cheese Prize!" I said.

"Thank you, friend!" He

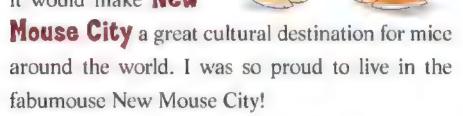
CYRIL B. SANDSNOUT

He is the director of the Egyptian Mouseum of New Mouse City.

Congratulations

shook my PAW.

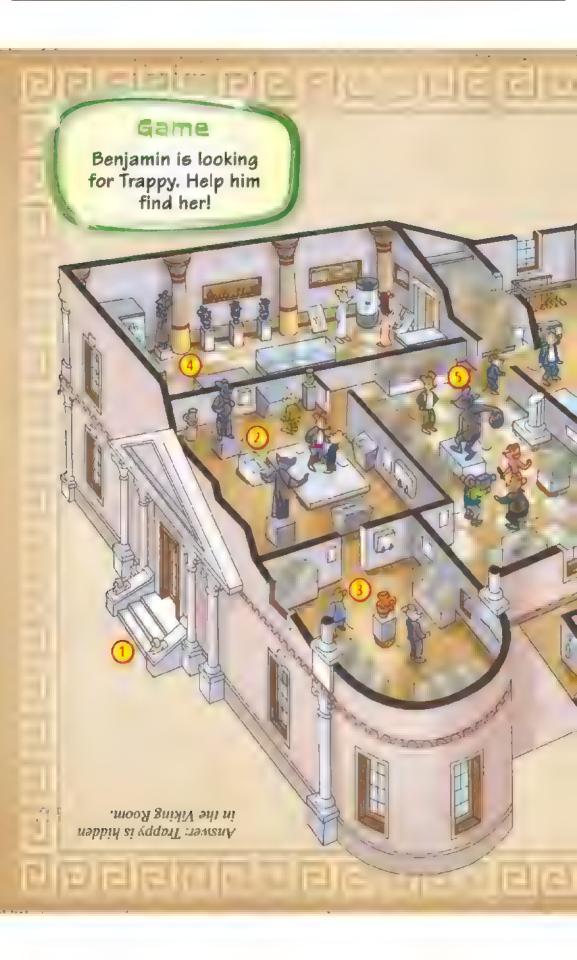
what a special day! The Petrified Cheese Prize was so prestigious, it would make New

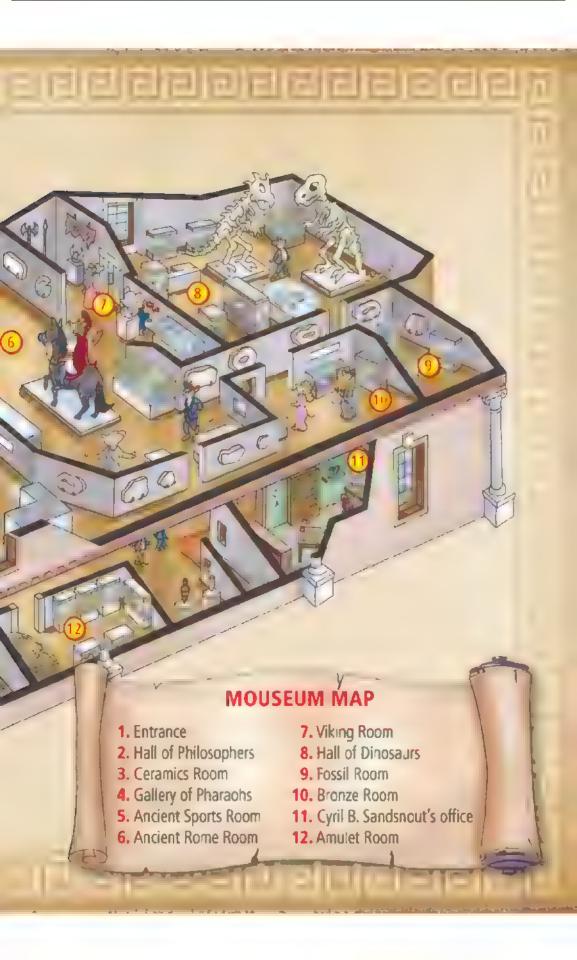


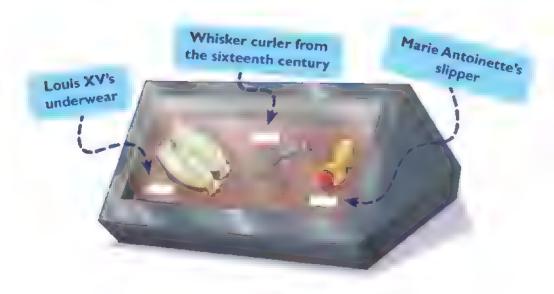
Thanks, friend!

I entered the mouseum and looked around. There were artifacts from all through history. Manuscripts, statues, and even bizarre objects, like:

- a slipper that belonged to Queen Marie
 Antoinette
- a whisker gurler from the sixteenth century
- King Louis XV's underwear
- one of Napoleon's SOCKS







Rancid ricotta! What funny relics!

Trappy went up to the nearest display cases to take some **COLOG**, and Benjamin followed her. Trap left with the crew from the show he runs so he could create a special edition show about the event.

Meanwhile, we all waited for the rat who would **award** the prize.

I began to wander around the mouseum — it was —! Who knew how long it took Cyril to get his paws on all those artifacts!

At one point, I felt a paw tap me on the back, and heard a squeak. "Pssst! Geronimeeny!"

"Yes? What is it?" I said. As I turned around,

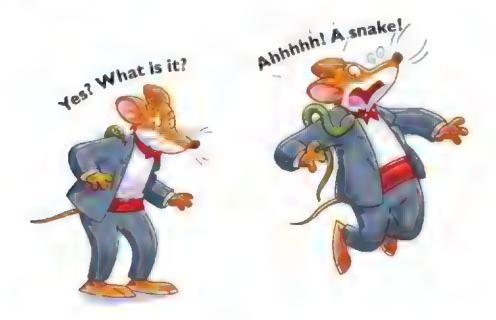


I glimpsed over my shoulder . . .

AAAAAAHHHH! There was a snake on me!

Why, why, why
does everything
always happen to me?

I began to flail around, trying to get the snake off me. "Heeeeelp!" I yelled. "Pleeeease! Back that reptile on me! Er, I mean: get that reptile off my baaaack!"





After it dropped off, I scurried away to HIDE behind a statue. I was causing such a scene, everyone was looking at me and whispering:

"That disturbed rat is Geronimo Stilton!"

"Isn't he the famouse editor of The Rodent's Gazette?"

"They say that his grandfather was forced to give him the business . . ."

"Ahh, I see — he really is a **STRANGE** one!" "Look where he's hiding!"





Hee, hee, hee!

Luckily, Benjamin finally managed to stop me. He waved the Snake in front of my snout and I realized that it was made of rubber!

I turned and saw

Trap and Trappy chuckling together. That's when I knew they'd played a later on me!

"That snake was you!" I squeaked at Trap, annoyed.





He shrugged and replied, "Maybe no, maybe yes — I won't tell! You'll have to guess!"

Thea burst out laughing. "Oh, G! It was just a rubber snake. You're such a SCAREDY-MOUSE!"

Trap turned toward Creepella and whispered, "Did you see what a <u>Cheeschrain</u> Geronimo is, my darling mouse? You're smart, and you need a courageous rat ... Someone is the courageous rat ...





THREE ARTIFACTS ARE MISSING!

Finally, Professor Ratmund Rattisford arrived to deliver the Petrified Cheese Prize. He was very serious, and he was accompanied by two ENORMOUSE, MUSCULAR RODENTS.

Moldy mozzarella! The Petrified Cheese Prize was so **Valuable** that it required two bodyguards!

Ratmund Rattisford approached Professor Sandsnout and looked him up and down while





carefully adjusting the **monocle** over his right eye.

Without a squeak, he clapped his paws, and one of the bodyguards gave Professor Sandsnout the award. Finally, Ratmund Rattisford CLEARED his throat and said, "Here is the singular accolade that you have been awarded for recognition of the labor undertaken in this establishment of historical knowledge."

Everyone watching looked at one another, confused, but then burst into applause.

Benjamin WHISPERED, "What did Professor Rattisford say?"

I responded with a smile. "He said, 'Here is the special prize for the work you've done at this mouseum.' Rattisford's manner of speech was quite **formal** and a bit OLD-FASHIONED!

Meanwhile, Professor Sandsnout thanked Rattisford and reached out a paw — but Rattisford did not shake it.





Professor Sandsnout was upset but tried to move on. "Um, please follow me for a GUIDED TOUR of the —"

But Rattisford lifted his paw and said, "Your suggestion is unnecessary; it goes against my intentions to accept the gesture of companionship. My longing hence is for solitude in my perusal of the artifactual treasures*."

Trappy burst out laughing. "Ha, ha, ha! Listen to how strangely that rat talks!"

"I understood him quite well!" Trap said arrogantly. Then he turned to Creepella and said, "I am a very cultured mouse, you see! I can tell you exactly what Rattisford said. It is, um, that . . . he's going to try to be an said of treasure. And I have to say, he's in the right place for that, since we're in a very grand building now!"

In regular speech, this translates to: I don't need a tour, and don't want anyone to come with me at all. I'd like to go by myself to look at the artifacts.



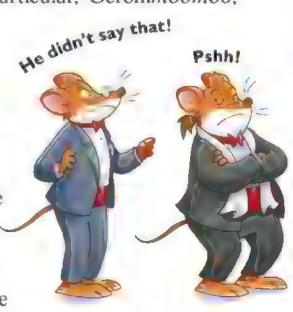
ARE MISSING!

"What?! That's not what he said!" I squeaked.

"Well, aren't you particular, Geronimoomoo,"

Trap replied. "All right, then: what did he say?"

"My name is *not*Geronimoomoo!" I
protested. "Anyway, he
said that he doesn't `
need any help, and
he wants to tour the
MOUSEUM alone."



Trap rolled his eyes, mimicking me. "'And he wants to tour the mouseum alone' . . . how would you even know that?!"

Meanwhile, Ratmund Rattisford had already left the gallery to explore. Then we heard a yell: "Abominable"! Three artifacts are missing!"

^{*} This means: Terrible!



WE NEED A DICTIONARY!

Everyone rushed over to Ratmund Rattisford. He looked very serious. "The mouseum is incomplete! Three more relics are needed!" he squeaked.

Cyril B. Sandsnout approached, confused. "Which ones? How? Where?"

"There, there, and there," Rattisford replied, pointing to three different spots. He moved Ouch! My neck! so fast, I strained my neck trying to see

where he was pointing!

"But . . . I don't understand . . ." Professor Sandsnout said.

Rattisford drew himself up and explained, "There are three time periods that do not have an artifact representing them. They are ancient Greece between 350 and 300 BC, the Caribbean during the late 1500s, and Europe between 1750 and 1800!"

"Oh no!" Professor Sandsnout cried in shock.

Rattisford was not finished. He pointed a finger at the poor professor and said, "I had heretofore considered you a sincere citizen, yet henceforth I know you as nothing but a reprobate. Ratmund Rattisford will not be hoodwinked! Your collection is incomplete! Therefore, this will be repossessed*!"



² In regular speech, this means: I thought you were an honest rat, but now I see you're a scoundrel. Ratmund Rattisford will not be fooled! Your collection is incomplete! So I am taking this back!

He clapped twice, and his bodyguards State of the prize from Professor Sandsnout's paws!

Rat-munching rattlesnakes!

I tried to step in. "Professor Sandsnout has worked so hard to expand the mouseum's **collection**," I said. "I'm sure that if you give him a chance, he'll find artifacts for those time periods!"

Rattisford raised an **EYEBROW** and said, "Thus shall it be: it will not be said that Ratmund Rattisford refuses to bestow opportunity! You have two cycles of the earth to find the precious articles, after which I will return*."

Trap, impatient, exclaimed, "Enough with these big words! I can't take it anymore! We need a dictionary!"

Hearing that, Rattisford turned sharply to the crowd. My cousin raised his paws as a sign of innocence and pointed at me. "He was the rat

^{*} In regular speech, this means: So it will be: don't say that Ratmund Rattisford doesn't give second chances! You have two days to find the artifacts before I come back.

who spoke! It was him! Geronimoko Stiltonoko!"

I sputtered, **exasperated**, "It wasn't me! And, my name is *not* Geronimoko! It's Stilton, Geronimo Stilton!"

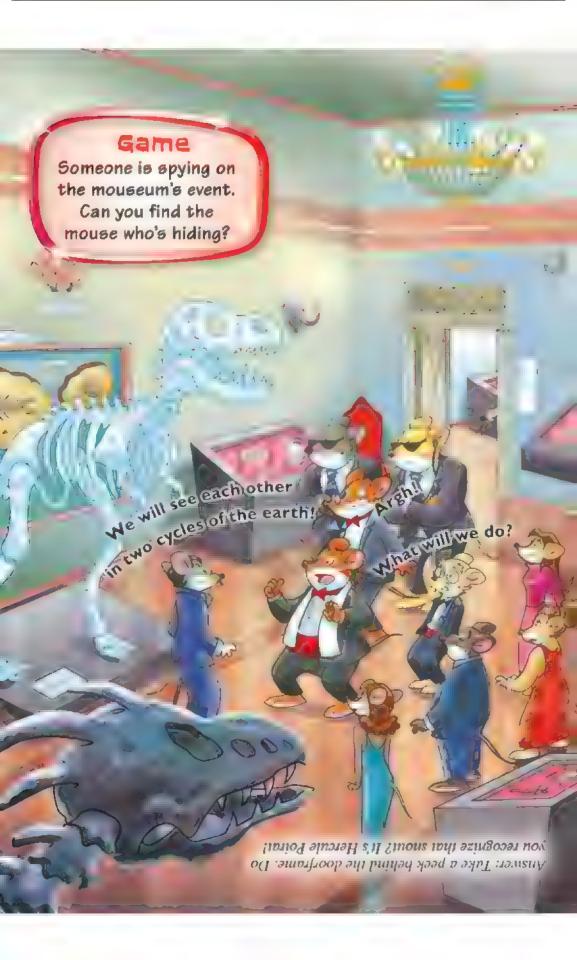
"Geronimo Stilton, eh?" Rattisford said. "I will certainly remember you! We will see each other in two cycles of the earth!"

And at that, he left the mouseum.

What did Ratmund Rattisford mean by "two cycles of the earth"?

Simple! Each day, the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn completely around on its axis. As our planet spins, different parts of its surface face the sun, and that's why we have day and night. So "two cycles" means "two days."







Do We Have to Go Down There?!

Ratmund Rattisford left, and the rest of the GUESTS slowly went home. Soon, just Thea, Trap, Creepella, Benjamin, Trappy, and I were there with Professor Sandsnout.

"I'm sorry, friend!" I said to him. "You worked so hard to make this mouseum special. It can't end this way!"

Professor Sandsnout had a strange look in his eyes as he replied, "Maybe there's something to be done! Come! follow me!"

He went to a statue — and when he bent its arm, the pedestal it was on moved, making a very loud noise. It revealed a **trapdoor**, leading to a staircase going underground! It was dark down there.







DOWN THERE?!

"Wow! A secret passageway!" Trappy squeaked.

I gulped. "Do we have to go down there?!"

Professor Sandsnout nodded and led the way.

The others followed him, but my paws felt to the floor. Benjamin noticed and called to me: "Come on, Uncle G! You don't want to be left behind!"

Cheese niblets! I was soooo scared!

Why, why, why does everything always happen to me?

I stammered, "I-it's j-just that . . . I'm a bit scared of the dark . . ."

"Come on, Geronimo!" Thea called impatiently.

"There's nothing to be scared of!"

"Yeah, Geronimush!" Trap added. "Don't let it upset you. Don't think about that time when we were mouselings and I scared you by jumping out from

inside a box with my snout covered in white powder!

And don't think about when we went to the movies and you thought we were seeing a comedy — but it was a horror film. And don't think about when I hid under your bed and scratched at the ground with fake witch nails. And don't think ab —"

when me a horror film. And don't think ab —"

when me a horror film. And don't think ab —"

"I shouted.

Then I went down the stairs.

The stairway became a **lalyrinth** suspended in midair. It branched and turned, and there were no walls!



Boool

... when I popped out of the box to scare you!



... when I took you to the movies to see a horror film!



... when I scratched the ground with fake witch nails!







DOWN THERE?!

Benjamin and Trappy loved it. "It's just like an amousement park!"

"It's a magnificently chilling atmosphere!" Creepella agreed.

To fight my fear, I chanted over and over: "I am not a scaredy-mouse . . . I am not a scaredy-mouse . . ."

But there was nothing to be done. My whiskers trembled in fright. WHAT A TERRIFYING SITUATION!





DOWN THERE?!

Finally, after so many flights of stairs going up and down and up and down and up and down, we were in front of a with a plaque on it.

I and said, "Umm, do you think we should get out of here? I don't want to disturb whoever is in there . . ."

But Professor Sandsnout responded, "Oh no, Geronimo — they're **waiting** for us inside!"

"They're waiting for us?!" I repeated, shocked.

"Who?!"

Professor Sandsnout pressed a **DUCCO**, and the doors slid open . . .

SWWIIISSSSHHH!



THE TIME TRAVELERS' ACADEMY

We entered, and . . . surprise!

We were greeted by three mice I knew well. First was Professor Paws von Volt, a great inventor and my companion on many fun adventures through time. Next was **Bluster Squeak**, a famouse scholar — and my old high school history teacher, who, even now, never missed a chance to quiz me! And finally, there was **Beaker Poirat**, a truly genius scientist. He's also related to HERCULE

POIRAT, the greatest detective in New

Mouse City!

They all greeted me in unison: "Welcome, Geronimo!"

"Professor von Volt!" I exclaimed.

"And Beaker Poirat and Professor





Squeak! Why are you all here?!"

They exchanged glances. Professor von Volt responded for everyone. "Well, Geronimo, we're all here in Beaker's lab because we've founded an historical and scientific academy."

Cheese and crackers! That was surprising. "An academy?" I asked.

Professor von Volt nodded and announced, "Yes, the Time Travelers' Academy! We even have our own CHARTER! Look!"

THE TIME TRAVELERS' ACADEMY CHARTER



PHILOSOPHY

The Time Travelers' Academy has been created with the goal of uniting all travelers who have been part of or will ever be part of a journey through time. The qualities needed in a time traveler are loyalty, courage, and respect for history.

MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY

FOUNDING MEMBERS



Beaker Poirat



Paws von Volt



Bluster Squeak

HONDRARY MEMBERS

- ✓ Geronimo Stilton
- √ Thea Stilton
- ✓ Benjamin Stilton
- ✓ Trappy Stilton
- ✓ Trap Stilton
- ✓ Creepella von Cacklefur

new members

4.....

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THE TIME TRAVELER'S VOW

- 1) I will respect the passage of time on all my journeys.
- Each trip I take will have a precise and honest objective.
- 3) I will help the rodents I encounter in any time period.
- 4) I will take care of my travel companions.
- 5) I will try to live in harmony with my travel companions.
- 6) I will never steal anything from the time periods I visit.
- I will only accept artifacts when they are gifts, and I will always give something in exchange.
- 8) I will work to know and respect the cultures with which I come into contact.
- I will be an ambassador of respect, peace, and tolerance.
- 10) I will respect the time machine that was entrusted to me and I will bring it home intact.

Here are all the time machines we've used so far!

- 1) The Mouse Mover 3000: traveled to prehistory, Egypt, and medieval Europe
- 2) The Rodent Relocator: traveled to ancient Rome, the Mayan Empire, and Versailles during the reign of the Sun King
- 3) The Paw Pro Portal: traveled to the Ice Age, ancient Greece, and Florence during the Renaissance
- 4) The Tail Transporter: traveled to Cleopatra's time, Genghis Khan's time, and Queen Elizabeth I's time
- 5) Whisker Wafter: traveled to Napoleon's time, the Vikings' time, and King Solomon's time
- 6) Cheese-O-Sphere: traveled to prehistory, ancient Troy, the time of the Huns, Charlemagne's time, and the discovery of America
- 7) Time Tentacle 2000: traveled to ancient Greece, the mythical city of Atlantis, and the creation of Stonehenge
- 8) ???: What will be the next time machine, and where in time will we travel?





I couldn't believe it: we were honorary members of the Time Travelers' Academy! How exciting!

Beaker chimed in. "Pungent pistachios!

You must know what we're getting ready for: another adventure through time! We need to help our friend Cyril B. Sandsnout get his Petrified Cheese Prize. We must find THREE ARTIFACTS from the time periods that are missing from the mouseum's collection!"

Beaker stuffed his paw into the pocket of his lab



pistachios, and shoved them in his mouth all at once. He chewed them in a flash, smacked his lips, and said, "MMM! PISTACHERRIFIC!"

Great Gorgonzola! Beaker was just like his



cousin Hercule, except he loved pistachios instead of BANANAS!

Beaker headed toward a doorway to another room in the laboratory that I hadn't seen amid the many **SHELVES**, notebooks and scraps of paper strewn about, books stacked on the floor, scientific equipment, and *COMPUTERS*.

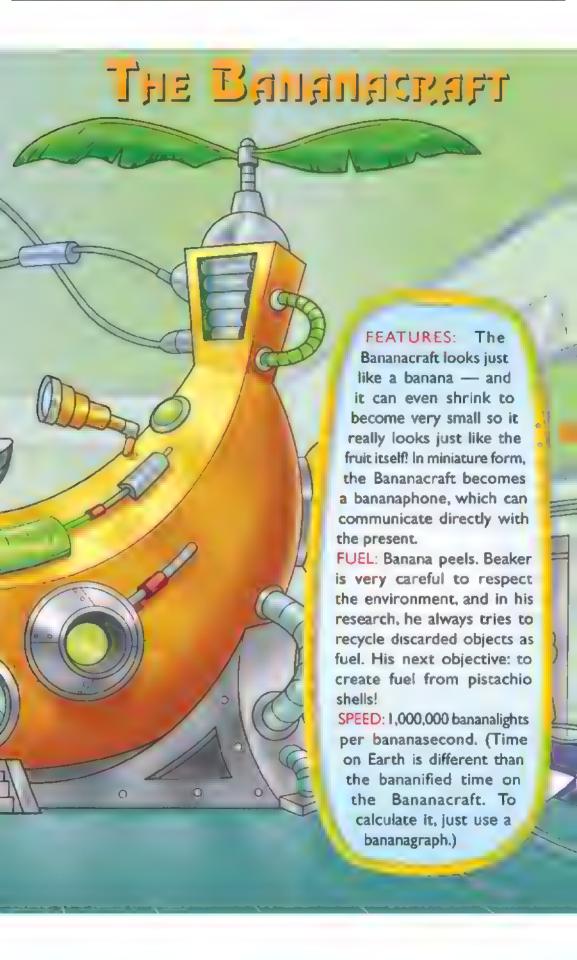
"I knew that you'd be coming, so I tidied up a bit," Beaker said. "I did a pretty good job, if I do say so myself!"

A pretty good job?! Thundering cat tails, that place was a **DISASTER!**

We all reached the next room and found ourselves on a balcony that overlooked an enormouse machine.

Beaker announced, "Introducing . . . the Bananacraft!"







EVERYTHING IS IN THE SHAPE OF A BANANA: the BANANASCREEN, a giant screen that goes around the whole ship and lets you immerse yourself in virtual reality,

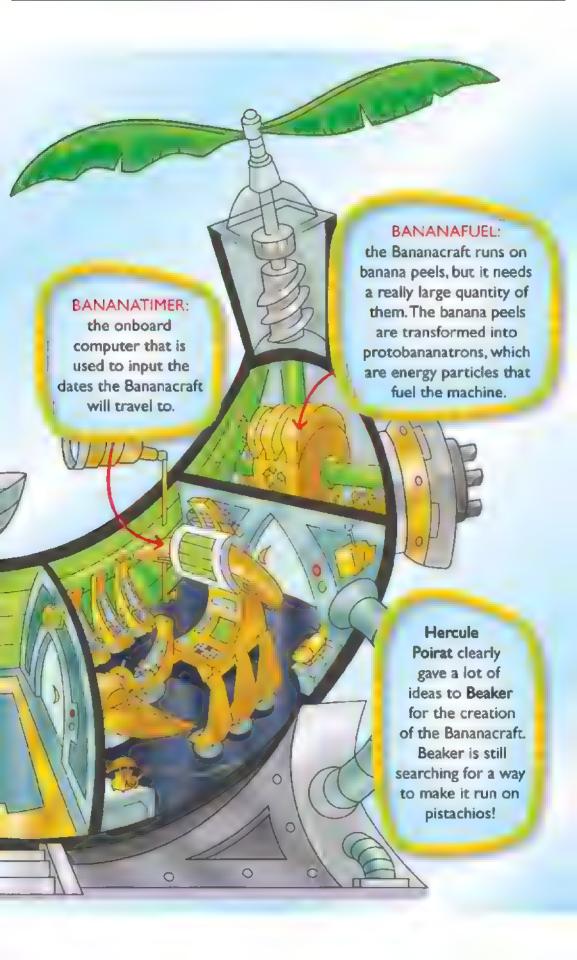
practically living in whatever you see projected;

BANANASEATS (WITH SEAT BELTS); the BANANAPILOT, the control panel for driving and steering the time machine; the onboard BANANAPHONE, a telephone that puts you in touch with the Time Travelers' Academy in the present (Beaker, Paws, and Bluster).



BANANATRANSPORTER:

a transporter that allows travelers to dematerialize and rematerialize in another time period, already dressed in the proper clothing and with proper fur-styles for the time.





THREE . . . Two . . . One . . . We Were Off!



Creepella winked at Thea and said, "Don't worry: I'll keep an eye on my Geronimo!"

I sighed. When Thea and Creepella got together, it always spelled trouble (for me)!

Professor von Volt said, "Before leaving, you need to assign a captain."

"Me! Me! Obviously, Me!" Trap yelled, waving his paw. Then he turned toward Creepella and bragged, "At the end of the day, I'm the only one here with any charm, authority, or athleticism. I will be a perfect captain!"

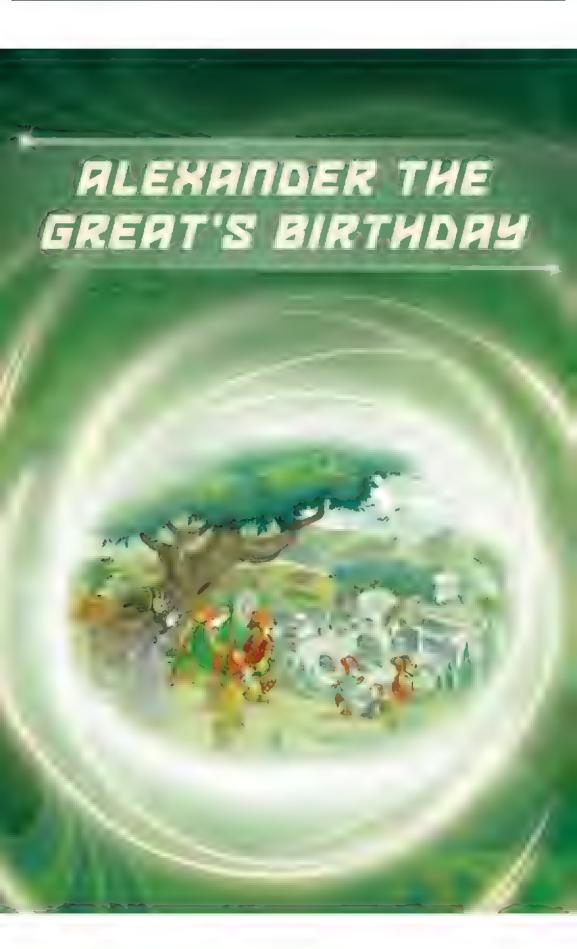
We all got settled in the Bananacraft, each sitting in our own bananaseat. Professor Bluster Squeak typed the **dates** of our destinations into the bananatimer: 300 BC, the 1500s, and the 1700s.

Bluster pointed at me **THREATENINGLY** and said, "Geronimo, there's no time to **quiz you** now, but I'm scheduling a test for when you return." He never could let go of being my history

teacher! He continued. "And remember: you only have two days to come back with the three artifacts — otherwise it will be too late, and you will **Fail!** Understood?"

The doors closed, the machine's motor started (with an incredible banana smell), and . . .

THREE ... TWO ... ONE ...
WE WERE OFFFFFF









I Don't Feel Fantastic . . .

We were about to arrive in 336 BC, the year that Alexander the Great became king. The Bananacraft zoomed through time at bananalightspeed. It **SWCYCO** as if we were sailing on a boat at grade 9 wave levels. Everyone else seemed excited . . . but my snout was green with nausea, and I was

WAVE SCALE

The conditions of the sea are measured based on the height of the waves with what is called the Douglas scale:

GRADE 0: Calm

GRADE I: Nearly calm

GRADE 2: Smooth

GRADE 3: Slight

GRADE 4: Moderate

GRADE 5: Rough

GRADE 6: Very rough

GRADE 7: High

GRADE 8: Very high

GRADE 9: Phenomenal

terrified! I suffer from

knew that, right?)
Plus, I didn't feel totally comfortable all

Bananacraft!

I tried to stand and go to the bathroom,

but the Bananacraft kept JUMPING.

Slimy Swiss cheese, it was scary! And I also suffer from airsickness. (You knew that, too, right?)

Suddenly, a Holl of Beaker appeared in the middle of the room. He was contacting us directly from New Mouse City!





Beaker stared at me and said, "Stilton, you're as **pale** as mozzarella! Are you all right?" He took a handful of pistachios from his pocket and gobbled them up in one bite. Then he explained, "I forgot to tell you that the **passage** of **time**, which is much like the ebb and flow of waves. That's why it feels

The Bananacraft travels on the passage of time!

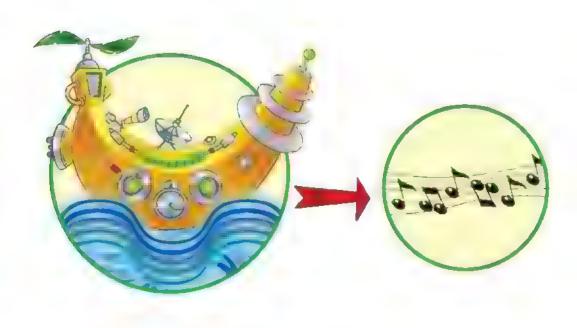


TIME

Time is a progression of moments, a bit like music, which is a succession of notes. The Bananacraft travels on the "waves of time."

like being on a boat! The only other thing I have to say is have a good trip, my friends!"

After that, Beaker disappeared. Trappy piped up. "Hey, crew, I had an idea: during our trip, we can keep a detailed **onboard diary**. We can all write down the things we know about the time periods we are visiting! What do you think?"





the name Alexander means "defender of men."

Alexander was born in Pella, Macedonia, in 356 BC. He was the son of Philip II, who was the king of Macedonia, and Olympias. He claimed to be descended from the demigod Heracles on his father's side and the hero Achilles on his mother's side. Olympias wanted to give her son a Greek education, including philosophy and science, to help prepare him to be a great king, so in 343 BC, she called on the areat philosopher Aristotle to teach him.

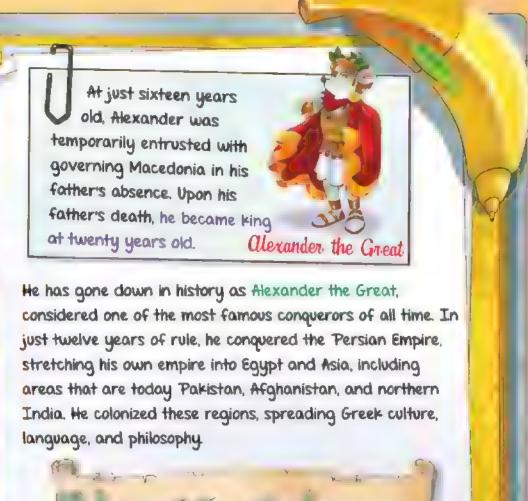


Climpias



As Alexander became more successful, he even claimed that he was actually the son of the god Zeus!

Zeu



Black Sea

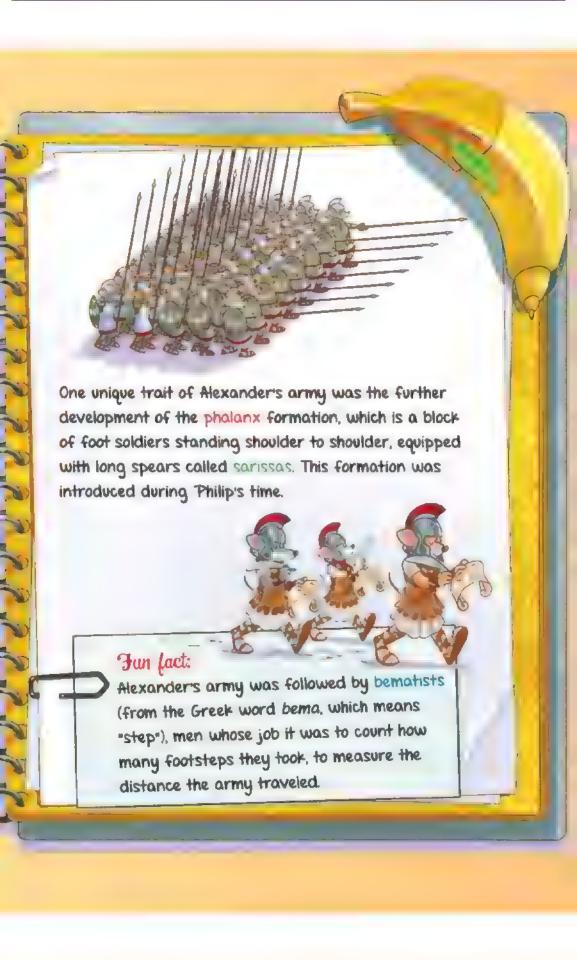
alexander's Empire



Alexander enjoyed sports and physical activity his whole life, and was a skilled athlete and a fierce adversary. Even after he was crowned king, he fought alongside his



soldiers in war. He had the gift of being able to motivate them through the speeches he gave to his troops (which were recounted by others, such as the Roman historian Quintus Curtius Rufus).





You're All Discombobulated!

With a loud screech, the Bananacraft stopped sharply.

Trap unbuckled his seat belt and got up and stretched. "Yddddwn! All of this chatter about Alexander the Great makes me sleepy . . ."

We headed toward the bananatransporter and all positioned ourselves on a platform under some strange-looking pods.

"These look kind of like showers!" Benjamin giggled.

I was struck with panic. "What if we don't rematerialize?!" I squeaked.

Trappy answered, "What if we materialize all scattered about: with our feet where our

heads should be, or an arm where our leg should be, or a tail instead of a nose . . ."

I turned as pale as a Brie rind.

Creepella put a paw on my shoulder and said, "My dear sweet cheese, just stay calm. I'm here to keep an eye on you."

Rat-munching rattlesnakes! H-how could I stay calm at a time like this?! My throat got dry.

Gulp!

Suddenly, a bright ray of banana-yellow light surrounded each of us.

I felt a strange sensation, as if an army of ants were walking all over me . . .

Up and down and up



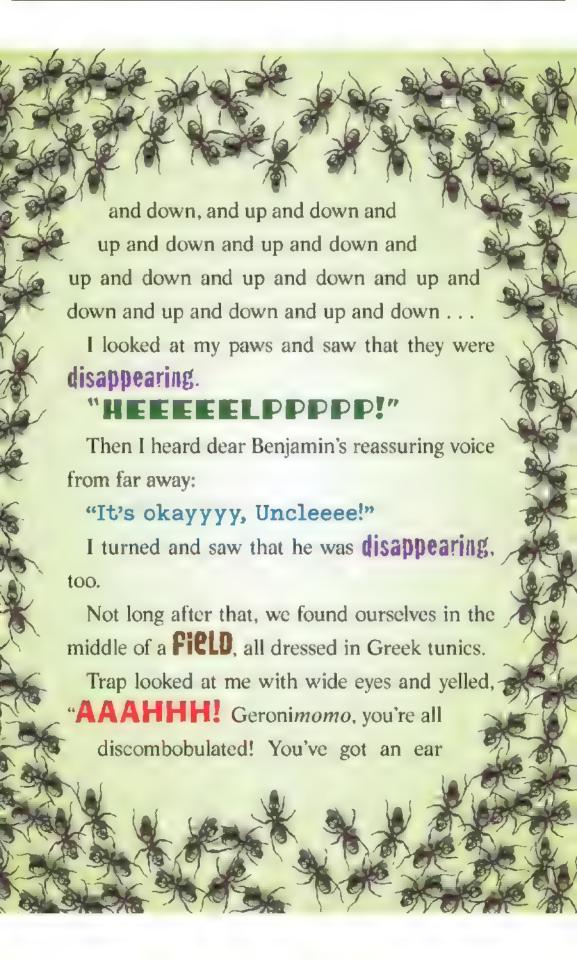














where your snout is, a mouth on your forehead, an eye on your cheek . . ."

Everyone looked at me and cried out. In full panic, I ran to look at my reflection in a nearby pond . . .

Luckily, I was still me! Phew!

Trap snickered, holding his belly. "Ha, ha, ha! You fell for it, you old cheddarhead!"





GERONIMO, YOU ARE HOPELESS!

I was about to protest, but the air around us began to tingle as if electricity was running through it. Suddenly, **Bluster Squeak** materialized right next to us!

"Professor! What are you doing here?!" I exclaimed. "You're not even a hologram — you're here in the fur and whiskers!"

"Are you surprised, Stilton?" he responded. "I decided to come help you using the laboratory's dematerializer. Modestly speaking, I am a great expert in history! I can help you find Alexander the Great, who, during this time, should be about twenty years old. And since we're all here, I can quiz you as well!"

I turned as pale as mozzarella.

"Wh-what do you mean, quiz me?! I'm not ready — I didn't study — there was a fondue stain on that page of my history book! I mean — Professor, I'm not in school anymore!"

Benjamin stepped in. "First things first: we need to get the to a safe place! Look!"

The Bananacraft was on the ground and had shrunk down to miniature size. I was bending over to pick it up when a **dog** ran by, grabbed it, and ran off!

"Stop that dog!" I squeaked.



Swiss cheese on a stick — I didn't dare think what would happen if we lost our time machine! We would be stuck forever in the time of Alexander the Great! Plus, the Time Traveler's Vow specified that we were to take care of the time machine!

Trap yelled as loud as he could, "Stop that fleabag at once!"

Benjamin added, "Stop that Sweet puppy!"

A young mouse with reddish fur realized what was happening and scurried after the dog, who was running **very fast**.



He caught the dog, retrieved the "banana," and gave it back to us. Thank goodmouse!

I put the Bananacraft in my pocket and began to thank the mouseling — and immediately realized that the bananatransporter, in addition to changing our clothing, had changed our language. I was squeaking in ANCIENT GREEK!

"Thank you!" I said. "My name is Geronimos, and I come from New Mousiax, a distant POLIS*."

The young mouse smiled and said, "Nice to meet you, Geronimos. My name is Alexandros!"

* Polis means "city" in Greek.



Alexandros . . . that was the Greek way to say Alexander! Was this Alexander the Great? This rodent couldn't have been twenty, though — at most, he was THIRTERN. What a strange coincidence!

Benjamin whispered, "I think this is him . . ."

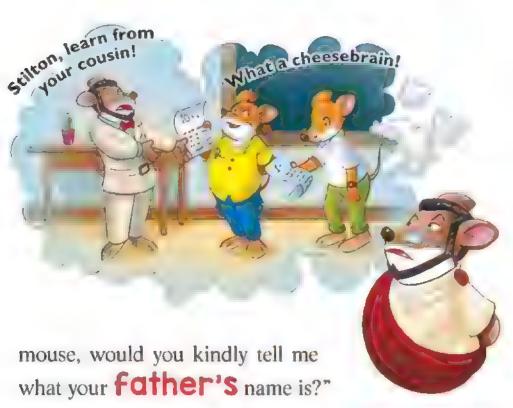
We all understood what he meant — except for Trap, who said impatiently, "Huh? Who?! Tell me! I don't know what you're talking about!"

I whispered, "Alexander the Great!"

My cousin exploded in laughter, screeching, "The great?! Ha, ha, ha! He's just a mouseling!"

Bluster nodded. "Interesting clarification, Trap. Indeed, you have always been much smarter than that **slacker** Geronimo. I remember when you were my students: one of you was kind and helpful, and the other — obviously Geronimo — was a cheesebrain!"

Then Bluster turned to Alexandros. "Young



Alexandros responded, "Of course! His name is Philip!"

Bluster shoved me and said, "Moldy Manchego, Geronimo! You're hopeless! What Date did you enter into the bananatimer?! How much do you want to bet that you messed it up? You've always messed up your dates! What am I supposed to do with you?!"

Taken by surprise, I **stammered**, "Um, it s-said 'Pella 343 BC' — er, I think . . . maybe . . ." Then I remembered what had happened and exclaimed,

"Wait a moment, Professor: you are the one who entered the dates when we boarded!"

He coughed and said, "You always have some excuse ready, don't you, Stilton? You just don't want to admit that you're wrong. Let me tell you what happened! We aren't in 336 BC, we are in 343 BC, Seven years before Alexandros is crowned and named 'the great.'"

"You'll always be a cheesebrain!" Trap added. I just shook my snout.





WHY DON'T YOU ALL COME TO MY HOUSE?

Benjamin and Trappy started playing with a that Alexandros had brought with him.

"I have an idea,"

Alexandros said. "Why

PLAYING WITH A BALL

In ancient Greece, children played with balls that were sometimes made of pieces of leather filled with feathers or hair.

don't you all come to my house? Today is my lointhoay, and this evening there will be a big party in my honor. My father, Philip, and my mother, Olympias. will be happy to have you as GUIGTG!"

Benjamin approached me and said under his breath, "Uncle G, I think this is a good chance to find a GREEK ARTIFACT to bring to the mouseum!"







Trap heard and jumped in. "Ah, yes! Like a little **jewel**, or precious stone, or gold! We can nab something, make the Bananacraft bigger, and get going!"

"It even says so in the Time Traveler's Vow! We are on a mission to help Professor Sandsnout, not to get rich. I am a gentlemouse, and I always respect the rules."

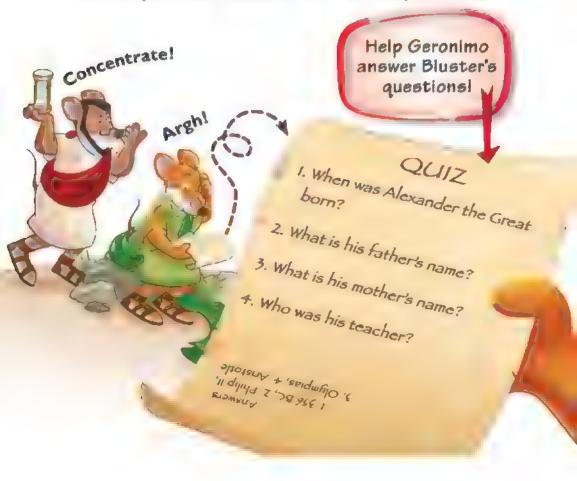
"Ugh, fine!" Trap said. "You're such a rule follower, Geronimo!"

We all walked toward the royal palace. The sun was high in the sky, but there was a nice wind caressing our for.

We went down the slope of a hill, and though I was tired, I admired the **View**. Cheese niblets, it was so cool to be in Pella in the fourth century BC with one of the most important figures in history, even if he was still a little mouseling. Alexandros

would become a great ruler, but he didn't know it yet!

While the young mice were in front of us chatting, Bluster took the opportunity to give me a pop quiz.





COME TO MY HOUSE?

on the Bananacraft, so I passed the quiz.

"I could have failed you, Geronimo, but I'll give you a C-minus. Consider it a grade of encouragement!"

Phew! I had just scraped by.

Soon we saw the **PALAGE** ahead of us in the distance.





WELCOME TO PELLA!

Alexandros pointed to the palace of Pella and said, "There's my house!"

Trap's eyes went wide. "Great Gorgonzola! You call that a house?! It's enormouse!"

The palace was truly deputiful. It had columns and statues and beautiful courtyards.

A mouse greeted us at the entrance. She waved her paw *elegantly* and said, "Welcome to our palace. My name is Olympias, and I am Alexandros's mother." What a

fascinating rodent!

"My name is Geronimos, and my family and my friends and I come from New Mousiax," I said, then bowed and gave her a kiff on the Paw. (I'm a real gentlemouse!)





Creepella whispered, "Don't be *too* chivalrous!" Then she approached Olympias, admiring the snake-shaped **Dracelet** she wore.

"How fabumouse! I adore **snakes**!" Creepella said.

"Me too!" Olympias replied. "The more poisonous, the better! Please, come see my snakes!"

I felt faint. "S-see your snakes? Wh-what?!" I stammered.

Rancid ricotta! I am dreadfully afraid of snakes!

But Creepella wasted no time accepting, and Olympias led us to her chambers.

I tried to slip away, but Bluster grabbed my ear.

"Where do you think you're going, Stilton?" he barked. "A real time traveler never misses an experience! You have always been a **slacker**,



but I must say that you're getting worse with age. Follow your cousin Trap's example: he is a diligent student!"

Trap smiled at Bluster, but as soon as the professor turned, Trap stuck his tongue out at me.

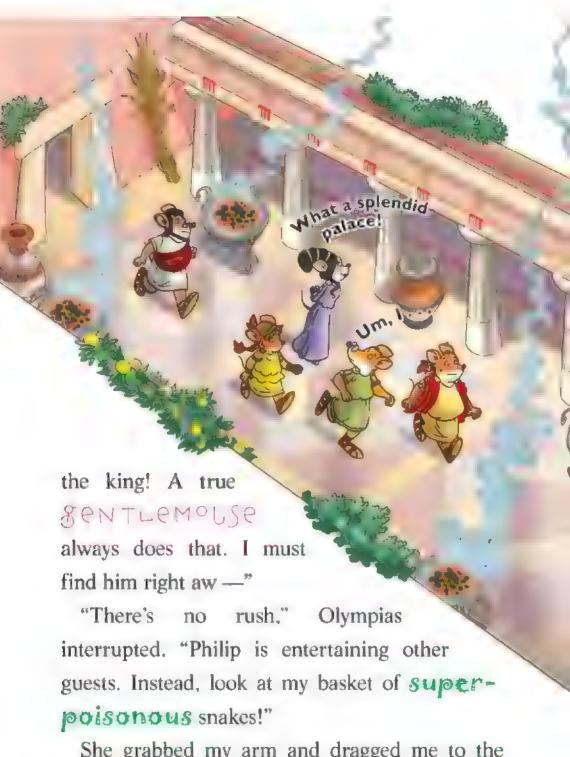
We walked through the luxurious palace. The floors were made of fabumouse mosaics, the walls were covered in lush tapestries, and the halls were lit by

Creepella exclaimed, "This would be a wonderful place for a wedding! Don't you think, my precious bat wing?"

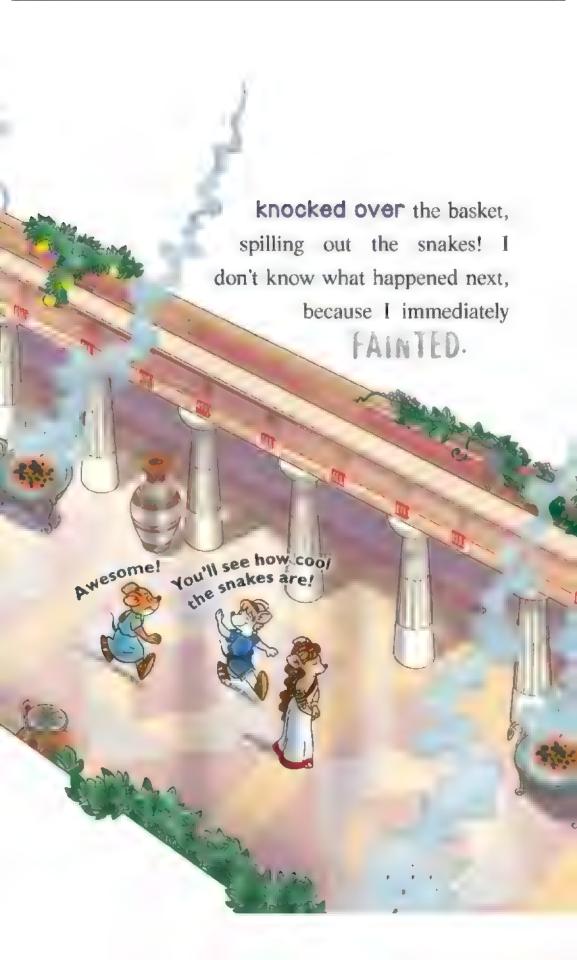
I didn't even respond. The only thing I could think about were . . . **snakes!**

As Olympias opened the door to her chambers, I tried to make an excuse to leave.

"Umm, I just remembered, I didn't greet



She grabbed my arm and dragged me to the DESKUL. I tried to get free — and accidentally









THE GREAT TEACHER

I came to my senses, of course — or should I say.

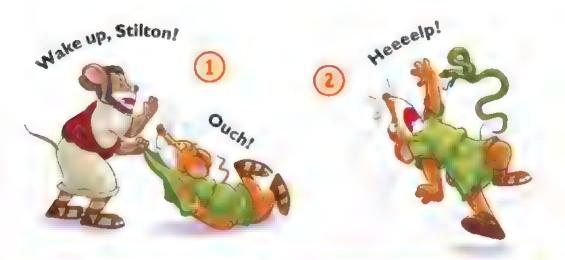
by force, because when I came to, Bluster was

Smacking me on the snout.

"Wake up, Stilton! Come on, now!"

"Huh?" I asked, opening my eyes weakly.

"What happened? I thought I saw a sna —"



Bluster was smacking me when I came to!

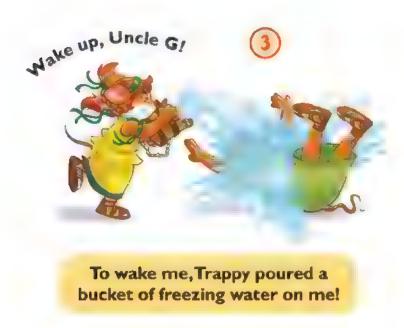
Then I grabbed something ...
Help! It was a snake!
I fainted again.

I felt something holding my tail. Thinking it was Trap's paw, I grabbed it.

"Don't pull my tail, Trap! I'm awake!" I squeaked. But when I lifted my paw, I saw that I had grabbed . . . a **SNaaaake**!

I fainted again.

The second time I was also awakened by force: Trappy poured a bucket of water on me!



Trap shook his snout. "Ugh! Geroni*mimi*, you're always embarrassing us!"

At that moment, a servant arrived and said, "Your Majesty, we are ready for the prince's

We looked around, but Alexandros was no longer there. Where had he gone?

We searched the palace and found Alexandros walking under a portico with another rodent.

Cheese and crackers, that rat reminded me of someone . . . BUT WHO?!

Olympias smiled. "I should have guessed that he would be here with his teacher," she said. "He cares for him so much!"

"Excuse me, my queen: who is his teacher?" I asked. "He seems familiar . . ."

Bluster PINGHED my ear, making me jump.

Then he whispered, "What do you mean, 'he seems familiar'?! Don't you know who that is?!

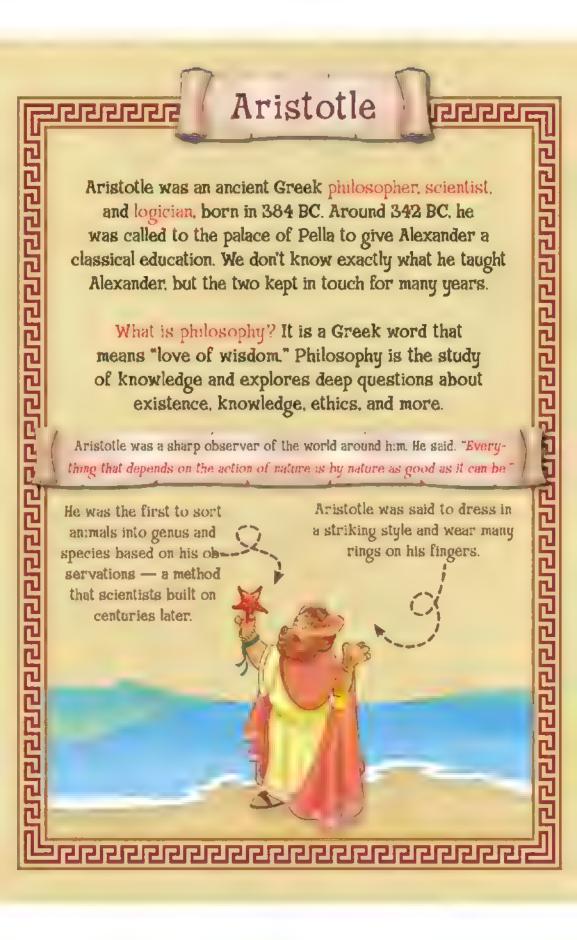


Geronimo, you are really a lost cause . . . That's the **philosopher Aristotle!**"

Holey cheese! Bluster was right!

As we saw the teacher and student walk off, I thought about the fact that we were watching not only one of the most heroic future leaders in history, but also one of the greatest philosophers!





I saw a scroll near me on the ground, so I picked it up. Bluster came and looked over my shoulder as I opened it (he knew how to read ANCIENT

GREEK perfectly), and he read aloud, "Sing, O goddess, the anger of Achilles son of Peleus, that brought countless ills upon the Achaeans . . . But this is THE ILIAD*!"

THE ILIAD

Alexander was very passionate about Homer's The Iliad, and considered his copy a great treasure. He is even said to have slept with it under his pillow!

"Homer's The Iliad?!"

Trap snatched the scroll from my paw. "I bet it's worth quite a bit in our time! We could **take** it and sell it to the mouseum!"

I took the SCP6 back and responded, outraged, "Shame on you, Trap! Not only does

^{*} The Iliad is an epic poem, which is a long narrative poem that tells of heroic deeds. The Iliad tells the story of the Trojan War. It is attributed to the Greek poet Homer.

that go against the Time Traveler's Vow, but it's **DISLOYAL** to Professor Sandsnout!"

"What's the big deal?!" Trap huffed. "It's just a piece of yellowed paper . . ."

Bluster intervened. "I'm sure that Trap meant to say 'leave it.'

A **kind** student like him would never steal an artifact! Right, Trap?"

"Of course that's what I meant!"
Trap said with an innocent look on his snout. "I'm glad you understand me. My cousin **never** trusts me. Humph!"



LET THE PARTY BEGIN

We all gathered beneath the portico, where the other party OUCSTS were.

Olympias announced, "Now the guests will give their birthday It's to Alexandros."



At that moment, **King Philip** himself arrived. He seemed like a pretty grouchy mouse.

He gave us a GILCT CALC look. "And who are you?" he asked. "I've never seen you around these parts. One of you, squeak!"

Trap patted me on the back — **THWack!** — and I was forced to step forward.





"He'll speak for us!"
Trap said.

I TABLET,

"Um, m-my name is G-Geronimos. We come from New Mousiax."

King Philip approached

me, just a few inches from my snout. Was he counting my whiskers?!

"I don't trust mice I don't know . . . and I don't know you!" he said. "Do you know the punishment for being a Persian spy? Do You? HUH?"

Putrid Parmesan! I gulped loudly. "We are not Persian spies! Truly! We came to celebrate mégas* Alexandros."

Hearing that, Philip became silent . . . then exploded in a fit of laughter. "HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, Mégas?! Who, him?! Ha, ha, ha! At

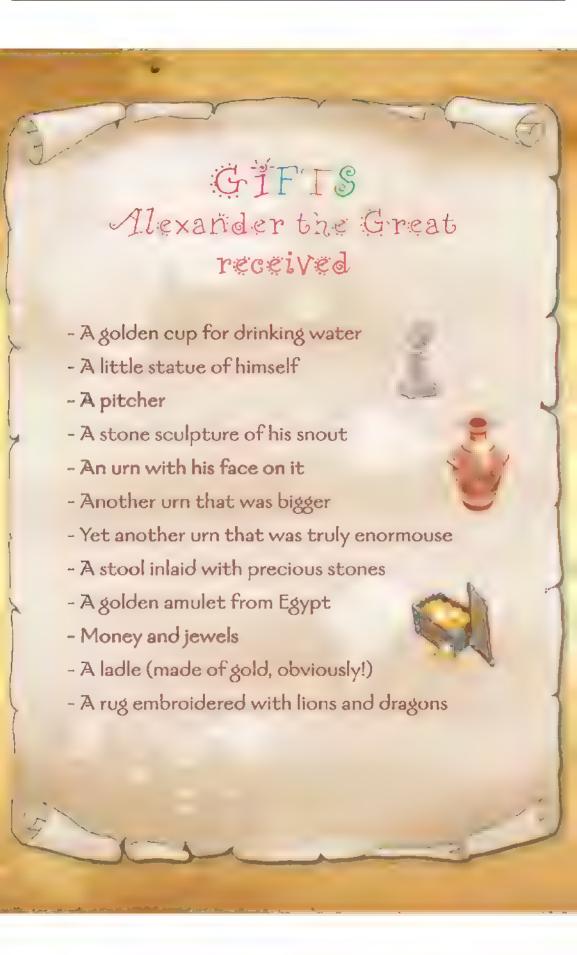
[&]quot;In ancient Greek, *mégas* means "great" or "big," and *mikrós* means "small."

most, he is *mikrós**!" he said, turning to his son and ruffling his fur.

Then Philip said to him, "Now come, open your gifts."

Alexandros sighed and headed toward the pile of presents. They were from princes, noblemice, and other famouse mice . . . but not from any **mouseLings** his own age. He opened the precious gifts one by one, but it didn't seem like he was having much fun.







TAKE US TO GO PLAY!

Benjamin and Trappy also noticed that Alexandros seemed disappointed. They went over to him while the adult mice were talking. Benjamin grabbed his paw and said, "Let's go to your room and PLQY! Do you want to?"

Alexandros's face lit up. "Really?" he asked.

Trappy gave a thumbs-up. "Of course!" she said. "Come on, let's go!"

Taking advantage of the busy, crowded room, the three mice without being seen, bringing the gifts with them.

I decided to follow them to make sure that everything was okay. Once I got to Alexandros's room, I saw something that melted my Heart like fondue: the mouselings were playing together,

and the birthday mouse was finally HAPPY!

That was the first time since we'd arrived that I'd seen Alexandros laugh like that.

Trap, Creepella, and Bluster soon joined me.

Alexandros saw us at the door and said, "Shall we all play *ephedrismos*? It's a game. Two mice at a time toss stones at a rock on the ground. Whoever loses has to carry his partner while blindfolded until he touches the rock."



TOYS AND GAMES IN ANCIENT GREECE

TOPS: Ancient Greek children liked to play with spinning tops and see who could spin theirs the longest.

YO-YOS: These yo-yos were made of wood, metal, or painted clay.

KNUCKLEBONES:

Knucklebones were small bones or game pieces that were thrown like dice. This game was similar to playing modern-day jacks.

DOLLS: Ancient Greek dolls were most commonly made out of clay, and many even had arms and legs that could move on joints.

TOY ANIMALS: These were made out of clay, bronze, or glass, and sometimes were on wheels.

BALL GAMES: Ancient Greek balls were sometimes made of leather and filled with feathers or hair.

HIDE-AND-SEEK: Played much like we play it today!

SWINGS: These were made with a rope hanging from a tree.

He pointed to a rock in the middle of the room. "Ready?"

Soon, I found myself **blindfolded** with my cousin Trap on my shoulders.

SQUEEEEAK!

Moldy mozzarella! He was so heavy!

Alexandros had Benjamin on his back, and — obviously — he got to the rock before me. After a few moments carrying Trap, I collapsed like a piece of **string cheese!**





A Marvemouse Gift

When we finished the game, Alexandros giggled. "Thank you, friends!" he said. "This has been the best birthday I've ever had. I don't often get to play with mice my own age: the life of a future king can be very lonely at times."

Benjamin nodded, thoughtful. "Maybe it would be good for you to have a friend who you could play with and grow with. Maybe . . . a PET!"

Alexandros smiled. "Actually, my dream is to have my very own horse!"

"Maybe you could call it Bucephalus!"
I said, chuckling. I knew that was the name of Alexander the Great's famouse horse!

Alexandros loved my idea. "Bucephalus . . . that's nice!" he said.

Benjamin rummaged through the pockets of

his **chiton**,** taking out a print of Bucephalus the horse that he had with him. On our way to ancient Greece on the Bananacraft, he'd printed it on **papyrus** using the bananaprinter, in case it was useful.

Benjamin handed it to Alexandros and said, "This is our gift to you for your birthday, in honor of your future horse!"

Alexandros took the paper. He was moved. "Thank you, friends! This is truly a marvemouse **Eift**. Let me repay your generosity." From his pile of gifts, he pulled out a **JOT** with his face on it and handed it to Benjamin.

Great Gouda! We had our ARTIFACT for the mouseum!

Trap wrinkled his nose. "Couldn't we have some instead?" he asked.

^{*} A chiton is a tunic made of linen or wool and worn by the ancient Greeks.

BUCEPHALUS, Alexander's Horse

A few months after our visit, Alexander saw a horse he thought was fabumouse — it was tall, fast, and lively — but all the other mice thought the horse was too wild to tame. Alexander noticed that the horse was just afraid of its own shadow, so he turned the horse's head to face the sun, to make his shadow disappear. This calmed the horse, and Alexander was able to mount him and tame him. After that, the two were inseparable. Alexander named the horse Bucephalus.



Bucephalus was a lively horse. Many
 thought he was too wild to tame



2) Alexander noticed that he was just afraid of his own shadow.



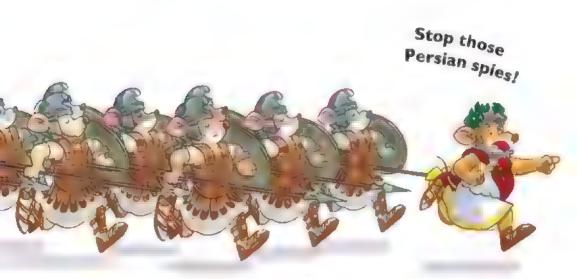
3) So he found a way to calm the horse and tame him.



4) That day forged a lifelong bond between them.

I was about to yell at my cousin, when the door to the room burst open. Philip stormed in, leading a group of **SOLDIERS**. The king pointed his finger at us and squeaked, "Stop those Persian spies! They are trying to mousenap the prince!"

Thundering cat tails! "There must be some MISTAKE," I tried to explain. "We've already told you that we're not Persian spies — we're just here to *Celebrate* Alexandros!"



But Philip responded, "I don't believe you! Tell the truth: you want to mousenap him!"

At that point, I felt a on my tunic. It was Creepella, who murmured, "I don't think these rats intend to listen to our explanations, my little bat wing. Instead, I think we'd better . . .

RUUUUUNNNN!"





THE BANANACRAFT HAS DISAPPEARED!

We ran through the halls of the palace, looking for a way out. It was a real LABYRINTH!

King Philip and his soldiers were on our tails.

THE PERSIANS

The Persians were great enemies of the Greeks. The Persian Empire extended across the land east of Greece, and they invaded Greece several times.



Rancid ricotta! If they caught us, they would turn us into MOUSE meatballs!

Trap looked over at Creepella and proudly clapped a paw to his chest. "I'll save you!" he said. "Not like that cheesebrain Geronimo! Quick, follow me!"



My cousin turned to the RIGHT, then RIGHT again, then to the RIGHT one more time, and then RIGHT again.

At that point, we were back to exactly where we started! Cheese and crackers!

We heard the soldiers arriving . . . there was no time to lose!

Trappy opened the first door we saw and said, "Quick, let's hide in here!"

We all ran inside, and then realized we were back in Olympias's chambers . . . which was still covered in SNAKES!

I felt my vision blur, my paws sweat, my mouth dry up, my knees give way . . . yes, I was about to FAIN I again!

Trap yanked me back out into the hall.

"SN ... SN ... SNAKES ..." I murmured, dazed.

My friends ran away, dragging me behind them.



They were going so fast that around one curve, they bonked my head against an **URN**. Slimy Swiss cheese, that hurt!

ough, auch aughie!

We finally reached the exit. But when I stood up, I realized that something was missing.

"Oh no! I lost the squeaked." I

I took off my glasses so I could cry. Then Benjamin pointed to something on our right. "Uncle G, here it is! Look!"

We turned, and there was that same little DOG from when we arrived in Pella. He again had the



Bananacraft (in miniature form) in his jaws! But, unlike that morning, he didn't seem like he was going to run. He was looking at us and wagging his tail.

"He just wants to play!" Benjamin said, smiling. He picked up a stick from the ground, whistled, and threw it for the dog. "Go get it, little friend!"

The dog immediately dropped the Bananacraft and darted off to get the stick.

"Benjamin, you're a genius!" I exclaimed.

Then I grabbed the time machine and pressed the **button** to make it bigger.









The Bananacraft was in front of us, ready to take us to a **newera**. Just then we heard a cry from the palace: "There they are! Get those **Spies!**"

It was Philip's soldiers. They had found us!



Oops!

Ouch!



Trap exclaimed, "If you want to save your fur, don't wait any longer! Hurry up!"

Then he SHOVED
us so we were all jammed in
the Bananacraft doorway tighter than a tube of
squeeze cheese . . . until we popped inside.

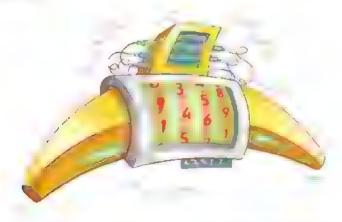




But our troubles weren't over. When we got inside the Bananacraft, I tripped and accidentally smashed into the controls of the bananatimer with my elbow. The DOCRE

closed suddenly,

one moment before the soldiers burst in. The numbers on the bananatimer specific around without stopping . . . and the bananatransporter activated!





There were a few jotts. Then I heard an engine whir, and we were projected once more through time. The only problem was . . .

We didn't know where we were headed!

We were tossed around for what felt like forever...

Holey cheese, what was going to happen to us?!

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE





ANCIENT EGYPT

We materialized in a *mousetastic palace* in the middle of a crowd of rodents dressed up in tunics.

Bluster looked at the clothes and said in awe,

of cheddar!
Of cheddar!
We're in Egypt!

"Great chunks of cheddar! I think we've

ended up in ANCIENT EGYPT!"

Then he looked at me sharply and continued. "Geronimo, you're as foolish as ever. Because of you, we've been tossed among the pyramids and papyruses. What do

you have to say for yourself?"

I barely managed to blurt out my excuse: "B-b-but it wasn't my fault! Trap **pushed** us into the Bananacraft and I, er, tripped and fell into the bananatimer, and —"



ANCIENT EGYPT

"There, you see: you even admit that it's your fault! And don't even try to rope Trap into this!"

I sighed. Every conversation with Bluster Squeak ended up the same way: everything was my fault!

Why, why, why did everything always happen to me?

Resigned, I picked up the miniaturized Bananacraft. Meanwhile, Trap knelt down at Creepella's feet. "I've never seen such a beautiful Egyptian mouse! Geronimo isn't worthy of a rodent like you."



ANCIENT EGYPT

Then he touched the right side of his chest and exclaimed, "My heart beats for you!"

Benjamin coughed and said, "Um, actually, your heart is on the side of your chest!"

I approached a nearby rat. "Excuse me, could you please tell me where we are?" I asked.

His **EYES** opened wide. "What do you mean, where we are? Are you pulling my tail?!"

I signed and tried again. "No, no! I'm just feeling a little . . . confused at the moment."

"What a strange mouse you are! We are at QUEEN C.eopatra's palace, of course. She is about to give an official speech!"

A chill went down my tail. I had already met Queen Cleopatra on a previous journey through time,* and I remembered that she was very anxious, unstable, and unpredictable!

But Creepella lit up and exclaimed, "I

^{*} Dear rodent readers, do you remember? We met in Lost in Time: The Fourth Journey Through Time!

FUN FACTS ABOUT THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS

CLOTHING: Ancient Egyptians wore clothing made of linen, a light fabric that is perfect for warm climates. The male rodents wore shirts with loincloths or kilts, and female rodents wore dresses. The rich adorned their clothing with jewelry.

FOOD: Ancient Egyptians ate a variety of food, like bread and cake, meat and fish, beans and vegetables, and fruit. But they only used forks for cooking, not eating!

CLEOPATRA: Cleopatra

(69 BC-30 BC) was a very powerful Egyptian queen, who is still very famous today. She knew how to speak many languages and was known to be very charming and intelligent and a great leader.

Legend has it that she died from being poisoned by a snake bite.





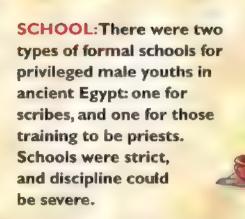
CALENDAR: The Egyptians were the first to invent a logical calendar based on the sun. Their year was made up of 365 days, which were divided into twelve months that were thirty days each, with five extra days added at the end of the year.

JEWELS: Ancient Egyptians wore rings, bracelets, anklets, necklaces, earrings, tiaras, hair ornaments, and more. Among the rich, the most popular type of jewelry was made of gold.

MUSIC: Music and dance were very important to the ancient Egyptians, and music was present at every type of event. They played instruments including the harp, oboe, flute, trumpet, lute, drums, and tambourine. The sistrum was often used: it was a handheld percussion instrument, usually made of bronze. It had a handle with a U-shaped frame attached that had holes with little poles that went through them. Shaking a sistrum made a rattling noise.







MAKEUP: Perfume and makeup were worn by both male and female ancient Egyptians. They outlined their eyes with black or green eye kohl and they used oils, creams, and balms to soften the skin, protect from sunburn, and more.



TIME: Ancient Egyptians used sundials, or shadow clocks, to tell the time of day based on the location of the shadow created by an elevated piece on the clock when the clock was facing a specific direction in the sun. A small shadow clock was possibly the first portable timepiece invented!

ANCIENT C EGYPT

adore Cleopatra! I know all about her and the Egyptians . . ."

Bluster applauded warmly after Creepella's presentation. "Great Gorgonzola, that was sublime! Too bad I never had you as a student, Creepella — it would have given me so much satisfaction!" He shot me a dirty look and continued. "Instead I had to deal with old Stilton over here . . ."

Suddenly, there was a shout. "AAAAH! Queen Cleopatra has lost her Aspis! If we don't find him, she'll feed us to the royal beasts!"

"ASPIS?" I squeaked. We were all curious.
Then I focused on the second part of the shout.
"Wait a second . . . the FILL BELLETE?!
HEEEEEELPPPP!"



IS IT A PUPPY?

We were all confused, and all started asking questions at once.

"WHO IS ASPIS?"

"Is it a puppy?"

"Maybe it's a friendly dog . . ."

"I don't remember Cleopatra having a pet pup..."

Meanwhile, all the other mice present were **worried** and bent over the ground looking for this mysterious Aspis. They really didn't want to become lunch for the royal beasts. Moldy mozzarella! Neither did we!

One rat whispered with a trembling voice, "Let's hope it doesn't bite anyone!"

I turned as Fill as a Brie rind. "Bite?!"

Right then, another mouse bumped into me.

and I ended up sprawled across the floor, with my **CLASSES** knocked off.

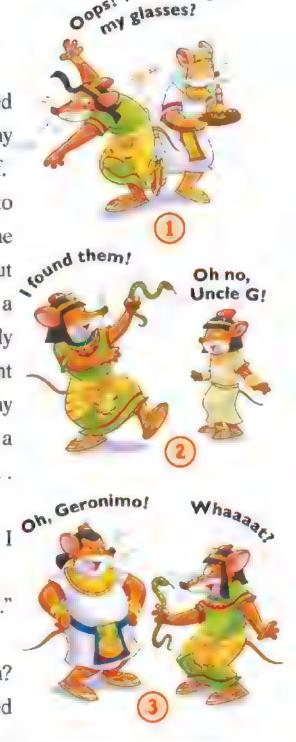
I felt around to try to find them before someone crushed them — without my glasses I can't see a cheese crumb! Finally I grabbed what I thought was the arm of my glasses, though it was a bit thick and soft . . .

"I found them!" I squeaked.

Strange, very strange!

"Oh no, Uncle G . . ."
Benjamin replied.

What did he mean? Suddenly, Trap shoved



Where are

my (actual) glasses onto my snout, saying, "Geronimo, you really are a cheesebrain!"

It was then that I saw what I had grabbed. "A GNAAAKEEE!" I screamed. "Holey cheese, not again!"

Why, why, why

does everything always happen to me?

I heard the crowd scream, "Aspis! Aspis! Aspis! That rat found Aspis!"

I fainted. When I opened my eyes, I was facing the PONT throne. And looking at me with deep, dark eyes was the fascinating . . .

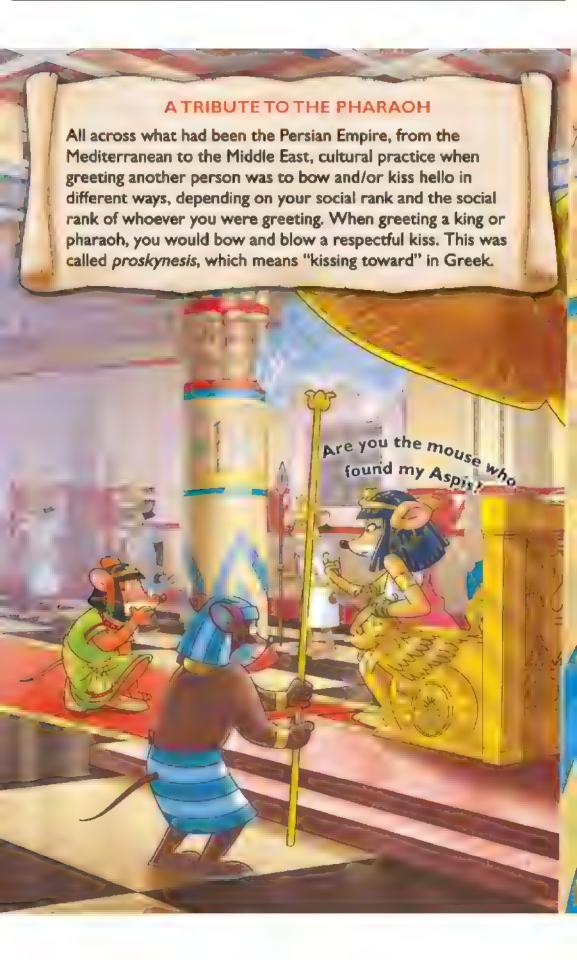
Queen Cleopatra!

I bowed before her.

The queen lifted an eyebrow and gestured for me to approach.

"Are you the mouse who found my ASPIS?"

I nodded. "Yes, my queen. My name is Geronitep, and I am at your service," I said.



She studied me for what felt like a long time, then said, "Strange . . . you remind me of a foolish rodent who I met about a year ago. I should have fed him to the royal beasts! You don't easily forget a cheesebrain like that. Do you happen to be a respirate of his?"

Cheese niblets! Cleopatra remembered me! Cheese niblets!

She recognized me!

What could I do?! I didn't want to contradict her and end up thrown to the royal beasts!

"Um . . . well, actually, I —" Luckily, Trap ran to my aid. "My queen, he isn't related to that cheesebrain — he's just someone

who resembles him. A limite. I mean, he really is the spitting image, so it's almost like it is the same mouse . . ."

The queen waved her paw to stop him, Jijjij. "So much squeaking! No matter, the important thing is that you found my **beloved** Aspis: without him I really can't sleep."

I eyed the snake WPGPPEd around her arm. I thought, I wouldn't be able to sleep at all if I knew

I HAD A SNAKE NEXT TO ME! Squeak! Just imagining it made me tremble from my whiskers to my tail!

beloved

spis!

Obviously, though, I didn't say any of that and just smiled at Cleopatra.

The queen continued. "I will not **FEED** you to the royal beasts — at least not today! Tell me: how may I repay your noble gesture?"

Trap butted in at once. "If I may, I do have a tiny idea. I propose you give us, say, a few it.",

a dozen the shape of ... what's that animal you love so much?! Ah yes, the Cochrodeh!"

Cleopatra leaped up, offended. "You mean the scarab beetle!"

Before my cousin did any more damage (or ended up being fed to the royal beasts), I started



squeaking. "Don't wol'l', Your Majesty, we don't want anything in return! It was pleasure enough to meet you — and an even greater pleasure to have helped you!"

I was already trying to drag Trap out of the palace when Cleopatra stopped us.

"Wait! Take this! I have another, anyway."

I was frozen with fear. Was she was talking about Aspis?! But when I turned around, I saw that she was holding out . . . HER SCEPTER!

I smiled, relieved, and said, "Thank you, Your Majesty! It is a true honor to receive this gift from you!" Great Gouda, how fabumouse!

SCEPTER

In ancient Egypt, the scepter was a symbol of power for both royalty and the gods. A staff that curves at the top like a shepherd's crook was called the hekat and represented the idea that the pharaoh was the shepherd of the citizens.



TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

We made the Bananacraft bigger and climbed aboard our time machine, saying good-bye to Cleopatra's ANCIENT EGYPT.

We'd ended up there accidentally, but it turned into a <u>sebumouse adverture</u>: we got to see the fascinating queen, and we ended up with a mousetastic artifact! That was a

win in my eyes!

I'll take these!

Bluster took Alexander the Great's urn and the Queen's hekat and approached the bananatransporter.

"I'll take these to the present," he said. "They'll be safer with me in he was "They "They" "They "The

don't trust you: you're too distracted and accidentprone!"

"Wait — you're going home already?!" I exclaimed.

"Of course, Stilton! I've done my bit. I must say, we wouldn't have gotten these artifacts without me! Plus I am a busy mouse — not like a lazyfur I know." He gave me a piercing look and continued. "Try to manage on your own. And don't disappoint me!"

Bluster stood under the bananatransporter. As he was saying, "And be sure to study, Stilton! I will be **TEST**—"

HE COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED.

Just as Bluster dematerialized, Beaker's hologram appeared — and the artifacts were in his paw! Bluster had already arrived!

Beaker said, "Geronimo, thank you for these



pistachiacious artifacts! We really didn't expect the second one, and **Professor Sandsnout** is very excited — it's perfect for the mouseum!"

Everyone on the Bananacraft cheered. "Hooray!"

"Now, there are still two artifacts we need,"
Beaker continued, "and time is running out. You only have twenty-eight hours to get back here."

I looked at my wristwatch in surprise.

"Twenty hours have already passed?! That's impossible!"

Twenty hours have already passed?!

Beaker replied, "Regular watches don't work on the Bananacraft!" Then he bit into a piece of pistachio cake and started squeaking with his mouth full. "Exffuse me, I

waff hungrfy . . . pluff it's pifstachio . . . Mmm! Chomp, chomp. It would be smarf to geff a Market Chomp, chomp. I can do iff from here wiff a fuper special banana booft!



The machine started, and we were tossed around like marbles for what seemed to me (and my poor stomach) like an endless amount of time. Finally, the Bananacraft hit the ground and stopped with a jolt.

KATKUNKI

"G00000001"

Trap stood up and went to have a look at the bananatimer: it said 1579.

He yelled, "All hands on deck, the CARIBBEAN SEA awaits! Sun, palm trees, fresh fruit juice, hammocks, relaxatioooon: I can

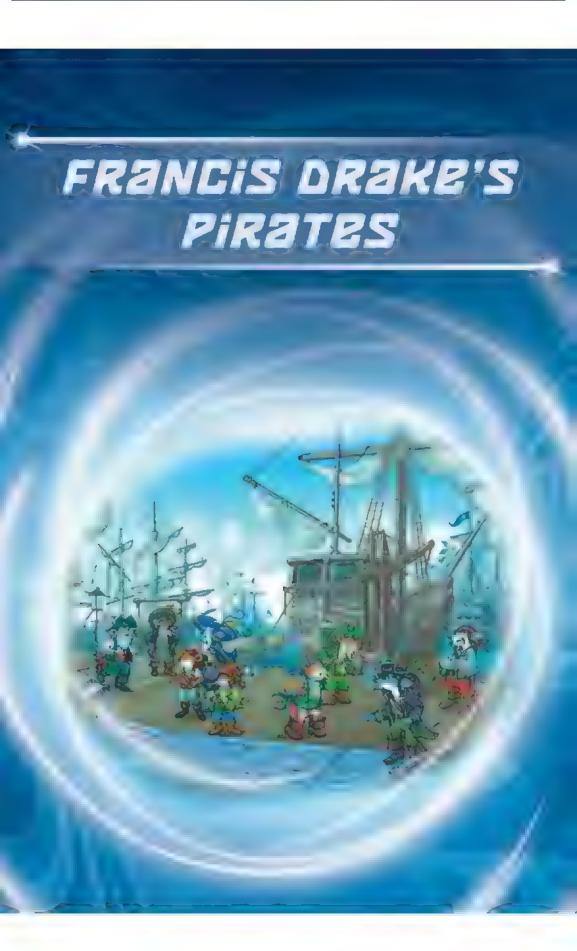




already tell this is the life for me! Yo, ho, ho!

"AND NOW . . .

TO THE DANAHATRANSPORTER!"









And You, What Can You Do, Rat?!

We found ourselves on a dock, surrounded by a **GROUP OF PIRATES**. They didn't look very friendly!

The mouse who seemed to be the captain approached me and looked me up and down. He had a bandana tied on his head and was wearing a pair of pants that only went to his knees, a leather belt, and a dirty, flea-ridden shirt that clearly hadn't been washed in who knows how many days — or months — or years.

The pirate looked at me threateningly and said, "Salivating sharks! Where did you pop out from, you rats?"

And like an echo, I heard another voice CAW, "Rats...rats..."

Strange! Who had said that?

I stuttered fearfully, "M-my name is Gerry . . . Gerry Stilton."

"Stilton, huh?" the pirate said, raising an EYEBROW. "So you aren't Spanish?"

Once again, before I could respond, I heard, "Spanish . . . Spanish . . . "





A pirate is someone who attacks and robs a ship at sea. (The word comes from the Greek peirates, which comes from the word peiran, meaning "to attempt.") Piracy has occurred throughout history, even as far back as 1400 BC on the Mediterranean Sea! The "golden age" of piracy occurred in the Caribbean Sea and surrounding areas in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when France and England hired many privateers to ransack Spanish ships.

PRIVATEERS AND BUCCANEERS

PRIVATEERS were pirates with official papers called letters of marque. They were private individuals hired by a government to attack and rob ships and cities belonging to a rival country. They made money by keeping part of the booty they stole, and they often attacked ships they had not been asked to attack.

BUCCANEERS originally lived on Hispaniola (an island made up of Haiti and the Dominican Republic), which was owned by Spain. The buccaneers were French and hunted meat that they smoked on grills (their name comes from the French word boucanier, which is a grill), and they also began raiding Spanish Ships.



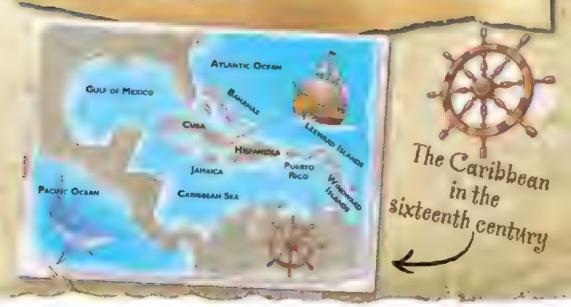
PARROTS: Pirates who sailed through the tropics often brought exotic birds and animals home to Europe from their trips as souvenirs and to sell. Parrots were particularly desirable because of their magnificent colors and intelligence.

APPEARANCE: Their faces and arms were often tanned and weathered from the wind and sun.

WALK: On land, pirates often walked with a wide stance and swayed as they moved because of the many months they spent on the swaying decks of their ships.

CLOTHING: Pirates dressed in the same kind of practical clothing that any sailor of the time would have. though they were often depicted in fancier clothing by illustrators who never saw them!

AGE: Pirates were often in their twenties, because they were old enough to work but young enough to withstand the exhausting sea life.





Strange! Who had said that?

I shook my snout quickly and responded, "Oh no, sir, I am not."

He lowered his gaze and pointed his super-long pawnail. "And that? Is that yours, rat?"

I looked where he was pointing and turned as pell as mozzarella. The miniaturized

the ground! Trap leaped over to pick it up, saying, "Whoops!

Excuse me, dear sirs, but this is mine! Tools of the trade — I am a CHEF, and this is my ingredient, ready to be cooked and eaten! Indeed, I'm a fabumouse chef!"

A voice cawed, "Chef! Chef! He said chef! Chef!"

Strange! Who had said that?



Only then did I notice that, perched on the pirate's shoulder, there was a . . . PARROT!

Trap performed a little song and dance. "If you want to eat it all, I'm the only one to call! For Trap is my name and cooking is my game. Appetizers, soups, and any kind of slop, I will feed you till you drop!"

The **PIRATE** seemed very interested in my cousin's words. Then he turned to me once more. "So your friend is a chef, and I guess those are his

helpers," he said, pointing to Benjamin, Trappy, and Creepella. Then he said to me, threateningly, "And you? What Can you do, rat?"

The rascally **PARROT** repeated, "Rat! Rat! He's a dirty rat!" and **FLEW** around, cawing it over and over.





STILTON THE CARPENTER

What could I say? I needed an idea. Luckily, Trappy whispered, "G, leave this to me: I know a ton about **PIRATE**" and what they need on their ships." She cleared her throat and squeaked aloud, "He is a great expert in **CARPENTRY!**"

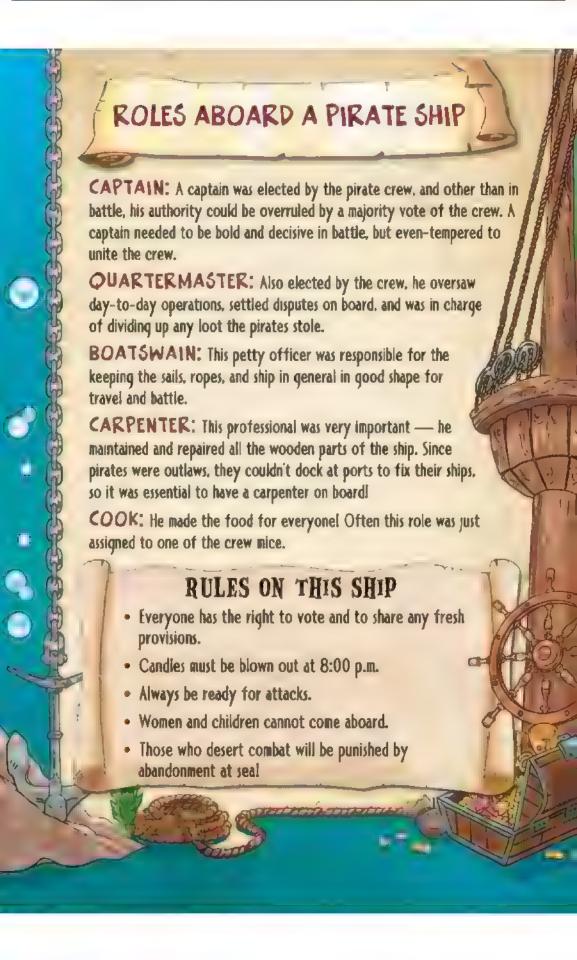
The pirate's eyes widened. "Catfish whiskers! You're just what we need!" he said. "My name is Sullivan, and the parrot here is **Mr. Jones**."

"Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Jones! What a formal name for a parrot!" I joked, chucking.

But Sullivan didn't seem to share my humor.

Mr. Jones cawed, "That rat gets on my nerves."

The pirate cracked his knuckles and said, "Mine, too . . . He just might need to learn a



The other pirates gathered around us, looking threatening. Shiver me Swiss cheese! I began to sweat.

Trap whispered to me, "Geronimo, you're a DISASTER at jokes. Leave this to me. I'm an expert!"

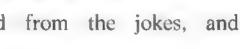
Then Trap cleared his throat and said, "Hey there, mice! Let's all relax a bit and have a Few laughs!"

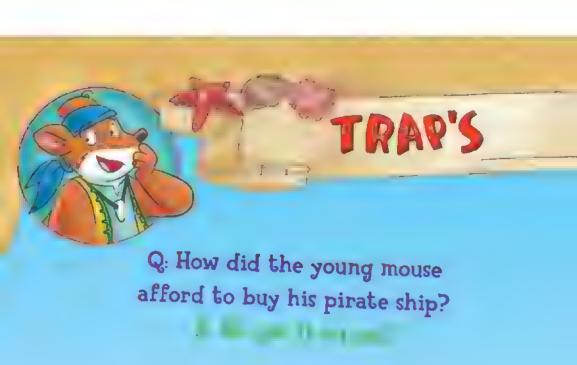
He told some jokes, and they were a mouserific hit! The pirate mice were rolling on the ground, clutching their bellies in laughter.

Trap chuckled and said to

Creepella, "I may not be a knight so grand, but at jokes, I am the best in the land!"

Everyone recovered from the jokes, and





Q: What did the ocean say to the pirate mouse?

A: Nothing — it just waved.

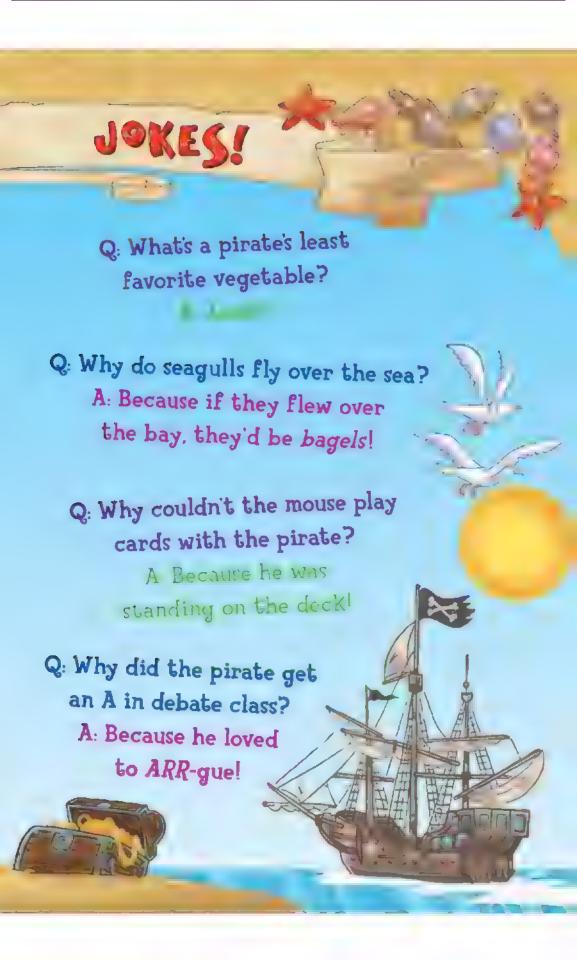
Q: Why does it take so long for pirates to learn the alphabet?

A Because they spend years at C!

Q: What's orange and sounds like a parrot?

A: A carrot!





Sullivan said, "Come on, we'll introduce you to our CAPTAÎN, and then we'll be ready to set sail."

"I thought you were the captain!" Trappy said.

RAT-MUNCHING RATTLESNAKES!

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE?!

Just hearing his name made my whiskers tremble in fright! I'd already met him on another *Journey Through Time**!

Benjamin saw that I was trembling and reassured me. "Don't be afraid, Uncle G! Unlike Cleopatra, Francis Drake can't remember us.

^{*} Dear rodent readers, do you remember? We met in Lost in Time: The Fourth Journey Through Time!

When we met him before, it was 1595 — now it's 1579, which is SiX+cen Years earlier. Francis Drake can't know who we are, because he hasn't met us yet!"

Cheese niblets! My nephew was right.

Thank goodmouse!





My Favorite Piraaaaate!

Trappy **threw** herself inside the inn and scurried over to Francis Drake. Then she shouted like a superfan,

"You're my favorite pirate!"

A bit annoyed, he clarified, "I am not a pirate. I'm a privateer who works in the name of Elizabeth!"

The other patrons in the inn stood up and squeaked together, "Long live the queen!"

Francis Drake, who was much younger than when we had met him before, looked at us suspiciously. "You fish shouts! Do you not exalt our leader?!"



Great Gorgonzola! It was best not to make him mad.

"Long live the queen!" we all squeaked at once.

Then Trappy continued. "Anyway, as I was saying, you are my favorite pira... I mean, MY favorite privateer! I know everything about you! I mean everything! For example —"

I rushed over and **covered** Trappy's snout, whispering, "Trappy, remember that we come

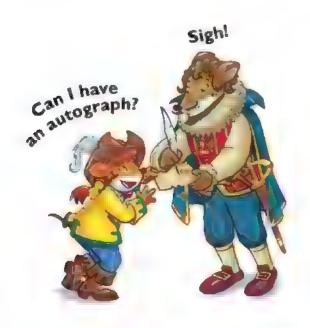


from the **FUTURE!** If we say too much, we could seem like Spanish spies!"

She nodded and gave me a thumbs-up. Then she turned back to Francis Drake and held out a piece of paper.

"Captain Drake, can I have an autograph? Pretty please, with cheese on top?"

Then she pawed him a feather pen and some ink.



Francis Drake sighed, but he took the pen. With a flourish of his Daw, he gave Trappy an autograph.

Then the privateer said, "Well, it's time to set sail. There are ships to plunder, loot to steal, jewels to snatch, and most importantly... battles to fight!"

"B-b-battles?!" I stammered. "Whaaat?



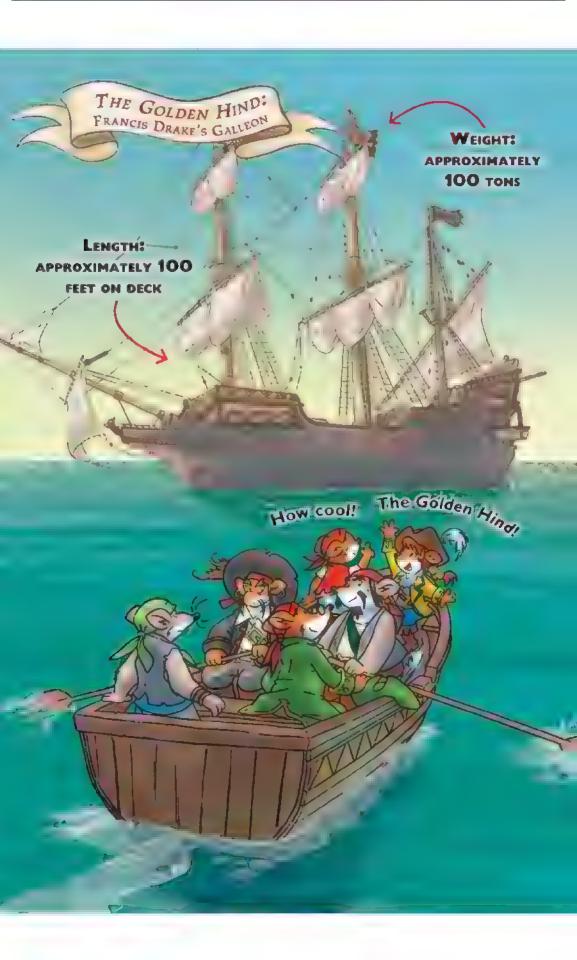
There must be some mistake. I'm a peaceful rat!"

Francis Drake gave me a thump on the back so powerful it almost knocked me over and said, "Come on, you scurvy squid! Don't be a coward!"

We left the inn and reached the port's pier, where there were a few **dinghies** tied up. We boarded one and rowed to an inlet.

Captain Drake looked satisfied as he announced, "There it is! Introducing my most precious jewel!"



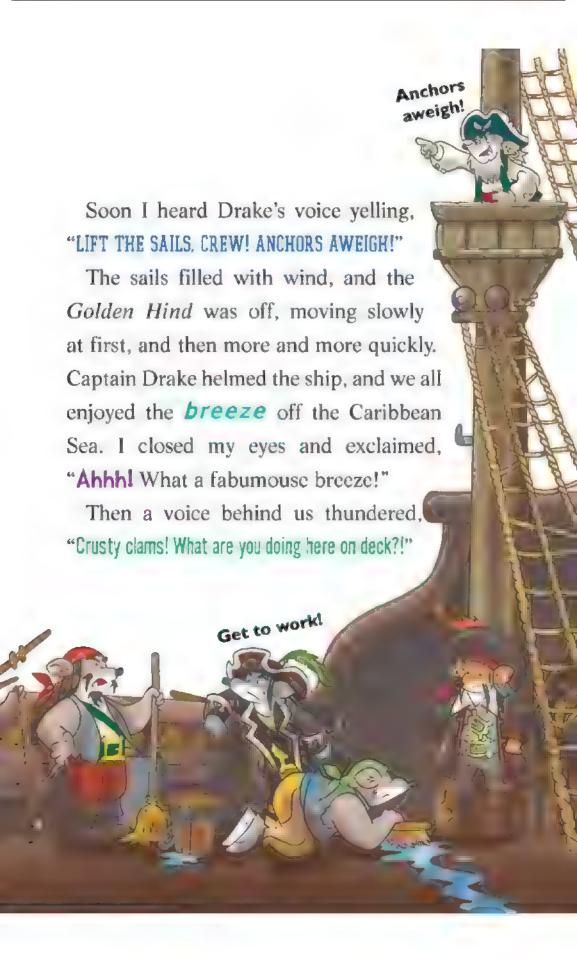


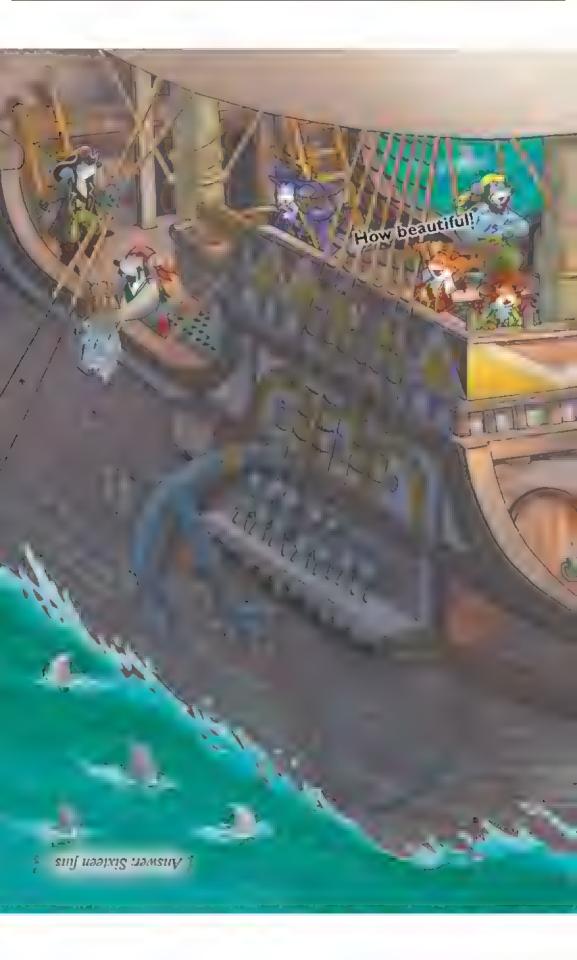


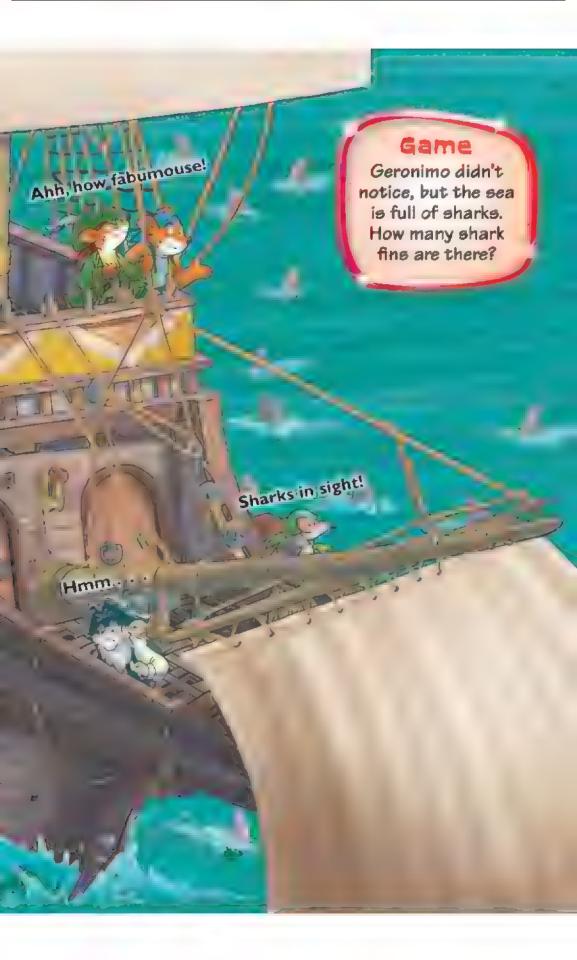
Anchors Aweigh!

We boarded the Golden Hind, Francis Drake's galleon. The wooden planks creaked with every pawstep. There was much confusion on board. Tarred ropes were tossed onto the deck along with make solds, barrels, and baskets. Cheese and crackers, these pirates sure weren't tidy! But each mouse was busy doing something:









It was Sullivan, with Mr. Jones on his shoulder (of course).

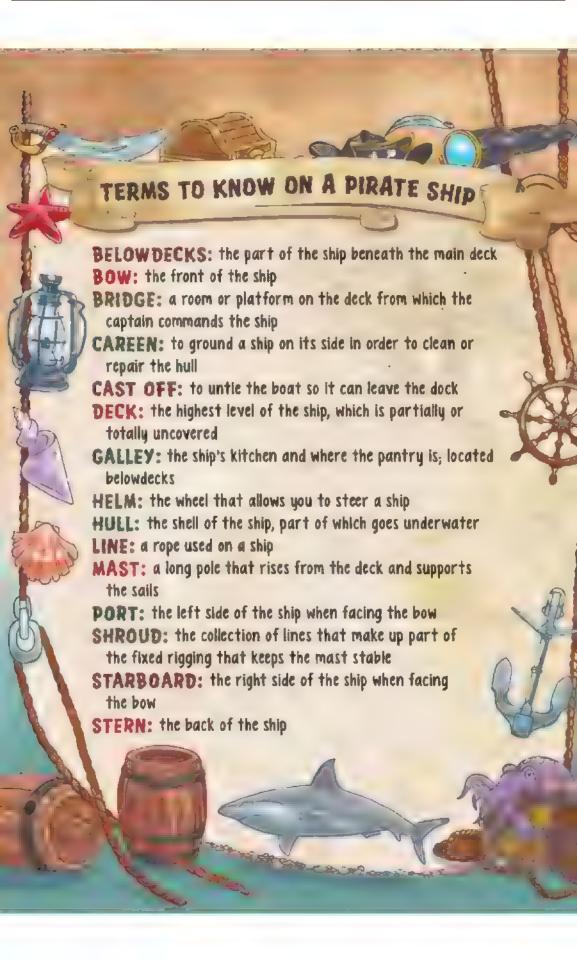
He continued. "We didn't bring you aboard so you could lounge around, you lazyfurs! Get in the **Galley** and get dinner ready! And get to work, carpenter!"

Mr. Jones Cawled, "Lazyfurs! Lazyfurs!"

Sullivan kept squeaking. "And let me be clear: we don't want our usual slop for dinner. When we set sail, we usually celebrate until late and eat a feast. So we want a whisker-licking good meal, do you hear me?!"

Mr. Jones flapped his wings. "Hear me?! Hear me?!"

"Otherwise we'll feed you to the **sharks**, got it?!" Sullivan concluded, pointing to the **plank** that jutted out over the sea.









WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?!

Trap called our time-traveling group together. "Okay, I have a plan," he said. Then he turned to Creepella and bragged, "Have I told you that I'm basically a walking cookbook? I'm a real master chef! I even won the reality show MousterChef! You'll always eat well when you are with me!" won the reality

show MousterCheft

As we went belowdecks, Trap kept squeaking. "We'll cook a first-class meal. I have a thousand recipes in mind! These pirates will be so full, they won't be able to get up from the table. They'll repay us with a sack full of a block column,



which we can bring back as an artifact. And I'm sure no one would care if we took a handful for ourselves — the mouseum wouldn't mind having fewer coins, right, Ger — "

He didn't finish his thought, because he BASHED his head hard on the galley doorframe and ended up sprawled on the ground.

Bonk!

"Oh no! Are you okay?" Trappy squeaked.

We gathered around him.

He was knocked out, and there was already an enormouse bump on his forehead!

Finally, Trap came to. He had a smile across his snout, but it seemed like he wasn't totally with it.



I was worried. "Trap, do you feel all right?"

He smiled. "In a land of the smiled."

"How are you? Does your head hurt?" I asked.

He sat up. "Ah, my head? Well, yes, it hurts a bit . . . What happened? Where are we?"

Trappy took his paw. "What do you mean 'where are we'?" she asked. "We're on Francis Drake's Don't you remember?"

Trap smiled. "Ah right, the ship! So . . . we're



back at the amousement park?"

I took a closer look at his snout. He seemed pretty confused. I repeated, "Trap, are you all right?"

He patted me on the back. "Of course, dear mouse! What did you say your name was?!"

Uh-oh. I turned toward my friends and said, "I think that bonk on the head caused Trap to Fig. 1. Everything! Hopefully he'll recover soon, but for now, he can't be our chef. And the pirates are expecting a food mousterpiece!"

Rancid ricotta, WE WERE IN ENORMOUSE TROUBLE!



SAVE US, BANANAPHONE!

We looked at one another, worried. Without my cousin's recipes, how would we manage to not become SHARK FOOD?!

You mice will mashed!

Yuckl

As if that wasn't bad enough,
Mr. Jones arrived and
began to fly around the
galley, cawing, "You
mice will be mashed!

Squashed! Pulverized!"

He did a few 100ps in the air, and on his way out, left me a little **PRESENT** on my head. Eww!

Benjamin up and said, "Of course! The Bananacraft!

Remember? When it's miniaturized, it becomes a Land Week. We can communicate with present-day New Mouse City to get some delicious recipes."

"We could ask *Mama Gina*, Bluster's mom!" I exclaimed. "She is a marvemouse cook!"

Trap was already DROOLING. "Did you say pizza? I would gobble down a form-cheese pizza faster than the mouse ran up the clock!"

MAMA GINA

Mama Gina is Bluster's mom. She is a fabumouse cook and specializes in pizzas. The recipe for her most famouse pizza, Mama Gina's Pie, is a secret!





Trappy **exclaimed**, "Save us, bananaphone!"

Benjamin got in contact with Beaker. Luckily, Bluster was there, too, and he had Mama Gina's Big Book of Recipes!

Beaker read aloud the and recipes to make appetizers,

a first course, a second course, and dessert.

Trappy proved
herself to be an
excellent team leader:
she gave us each a
to do.

"Creepella will make the cheese and veggie appetizers, Benjamin



and I will make the buccanter's beef jerky and the buried treasure omelets, and Uncle G will prepare the cheesecake!"

Trap watched our preparations silently, then complained, "Don't we get to eat at this amousement park?! I'm hungry!"







Creepella approached me and said, "My darling rat, all this cooking has gotten me thinking. What kinds of food do you think are best for a wedding?"

I was trying to concentrate and measure the

sugar for the batter, but

How can you spot a chilly ghost? Instead of wearing a sheet, he's wearing a wool blanket!

I had to respond. "I'm not really sure. I've never thought about it before."

"Oh, that can't be true," she said, smiling. Then she frowned. "I bet my dad would love to cook for my wedding!"

"Are you sure? All he does is tell jokes from morning to night!" I said.

Creepella sighed. "That's true, he does love his jokes."



"The last time I saw him, he challenged me to a duel . . . of jokes!"

She shrugged. "It's what he is good at!"

"That's enough chatter, you two!" Trappy called. "We don't have much time!"

I shook my snout and grabbed one of the CONTAINERS that was in front of me to measure out what looked like sugar.

We cooked for about three hours. At last, our **pirate feast** was ready! And it was all thanks to Benjamin and Trappy!

Maybe (and I mean maybe!) we would be okay!



BLECH!

We left the galley single file and went to the dining room, where there was an enormouse table of **Sturving pirutes** waiting for us. Francis Drake was at the head of the table.

With a fork in his paw, Sullivan said, "It's about time, you slimy clownfish! I hope that this dinner is worth the wait!"

We didn't even manage to put the trays on the table before the pirates grabbed all the food.

"Time to eat!" they all squeaked, and dove their snouts into their plates.

The appetizers were gobbled up in the blink of an eye. So was the meat, despite being super spicy. (Mama Gina loves putting + (T PEPPER FLAKES in her recipes!)

When we brought out the omelets, the pace of



Captain Drake, who was quite a glutton, proclaimed, "STOP, CREW! I will taste this delicious-looking dessert first. Tell me: who made this?"

I lifted my paw shyly.

Drake gave me harsh look.

Gulp I knew quite well that he was a surly mouse who had a temper.



He thundered, "If this dessert isn't delicious, it will be all the worse for you, fishbrain... But if I like it, I'll reward you with gold coins, Stilton!"

Then he tasted the cheesecake.

As he chewed, I felt solisfied. Thanks to my contribution, we would be repaid with and we could leave

on the Bananacraft!

Drake swallowed, and.



He had a disgusted expression on his snout! He turned toward me and shouted furiously, "Grab

them crushed — pulverized fed to the sharks!"

"B-but what did I d-do?!"

Istammered

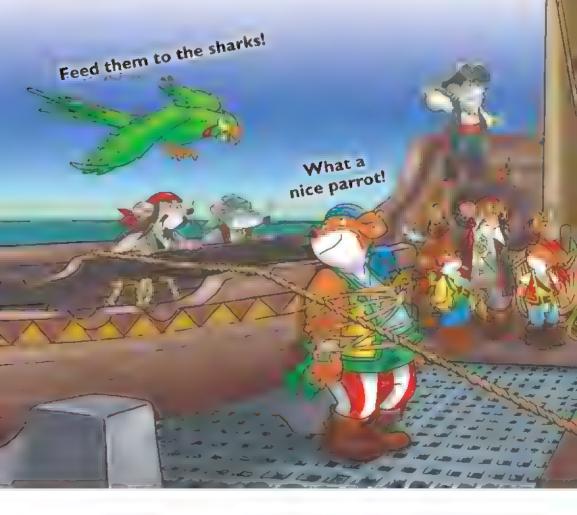
Why, why, why does everything always happen to me?



Had I not followed the recipe as well as I'd thought? I scooped a bit of cheesecake on my finger, and . . . blech, blech, blech!

Holey cheese! The cake was SALTY!

No wonder Drake was so disgusted. I'd gotten distracted, and had mistaken the salt for sugar!





The pirates captured us and tied us up in a flash.

Mr. Jones cawed and cawed. "Feed them to the sharks! To the sharks!"

We were done for!

I climbed onto the plank, and Sullivan poked my tail with a **DaGGer**. "So, rat: will you jump on your own, or do you need a push?"





A SUPER-SUPER-SECRET MAP

Suddenly, I heard Trappy's voice yelling, "Wait! If you let us go, we'll give you a super-super-secret map to a super-super-secret treasure! Guaranteed gold for everyone! I swear on my whiskers!"

Trappy understood that gold was the magic

word to get the attention of those CREEPS.

In fact, Francis
Drake immediately stopped Sullivan from continuing to poke me.





"Let him go!"

Sullivan huffed. "Oh, all right!"

What a relief!

But when Sullivan jumped down off the plank, it bounced down, and as if from a catapult, I was **TOSSED** in the air.

HEEEEEEEELP!

I yelled at the top of my lungs. "I'm too fond of my fur!"

I closed my eyes, waiting for my unlucky end. But someone grabbed me midair, and I landed on the ship's deck.

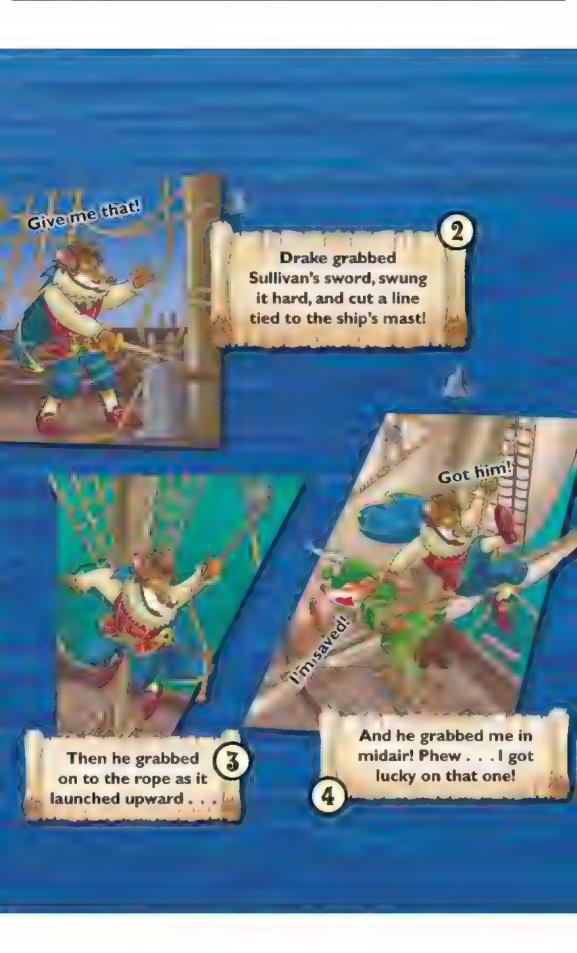
I WAS SAFE AND SOUND!

Then Drake ordered, "Untile the prisoners!"

I must admit, even if he was a privateer, Francis Drake was a brave rodent. Do you want to know what had happened?

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED.

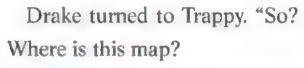






SECRET MAP

Where did I put it?



down my fur. What was Trappy's plan? We didn't have any map! But she seemed calm, and WINKED at me.

She rummaged into her pockets, and gave Captain Drake a that I recognized at once: it was a map of the amousement park!



RISKY, though . . . If the pirates discovered our trick, we would be fed to the sharks.

Squeeeeak!

Francis Drake looked at the map carefully. "Hmm...interesting!"

Then he turned to the crew, satisfied, and proclaimed, "Privateers, prepare yourselves: our is in search of treasure!

Tomorrow we will raise the anchor and head



toward the island of TORTUGA! Hip, hip..."

The crew all responded together, "Hooray! Hooray!"

Then Drake took a bag full of jingling coins





and gave it to Trappy. "Here you go — this is an advance. If we really find the **treasure**, you'll get your share of the loot. Privateers always divvy up everything. **It's the rule!**"

Then he concluded, "But if we *don't* find the treasure, you squidheads will be dinner for the sharks!"

Trappy took the bag and opened it. There were

@700 @7000 inside!

Thank goodmouse! Not only were we saved, we also had an **ARTIFACT** from the 1500s to bring to the mouseum!



It's Time to Dive in the Sea

Night fell, and the whole crew went to sleep. Captain Drake was in his cabin, but the other pirates snoozed on the **DECK**.

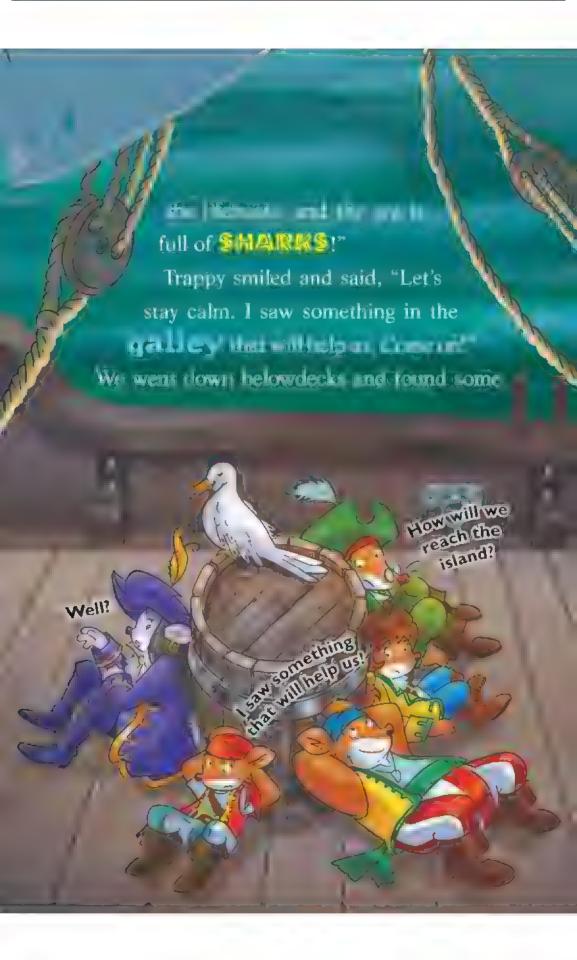
We were leaning against a barrel, pretending to rest. But really, we were waiting for the right moment to leave the *Golden Hind*!

Finally, all the pirates were **SNORING**. (And I mean *all* of them! What a racket!)

Trappy whispered, "We need to get out of here before they figure out that the map is FAKE."

"We passed a small island not long ago,"
Benjamin whispered. "If we can get to it, we can
enlarge the the thing and dematerialize."

"But how will we manage to reach it?" I asked, starting to panic. "There are pirates sleeping on



really heavy, but we managed to get ourselves into them and into the water, then paddled with ladles until we reached land.

On the beach, Trap tripped as he was getting out of his barrel, and **bonked** his head on the side as he fell to the ground.

"Ouch! What a blow!" he squeaked.



"Trap, are you okay?" Creepella asked.

"What happened? Geronimoomoo, I feel like this is your fault . . ." Then he looked at me more closely and exclaimed, in his usual tone, "Did you know you have a PIMPLE on your snout?"

I jumped up to hug him and happily cried, "Welcome back, Cousin!"







Ten Hours and Counting!

We got aboard the Bananacraft. Once we were all settled, we looked at the



There was no time to lose! We put the bag of gold coins in the bandstransferter and sent it directly to present-day New Mouse City.

A few seconds later, a HOLDERAM of Beaker Poirat appeared to talk to us.

"Time travelers, you found an artifact from the 1500s! Now the only one missing is from the



COUNTING!

1700s: you'll go see Mozart. But before that, there is someone here who wants to talk to you . . ."

Next to Beaker, the entire VON Cacklefur family appeared!

Creepella exclaimed, "My **gloomy family!** I'm so happy to see you!"

Boris von Cacklefur was the first to speak. "So, my dear daughter, are you enjoying this vacation through time?"

I tried to interrupt. "Well, actually, it's not a —"





COUNTING!

Boris continued. "I hope Geronimo is showing you a good time."

"A good time?!" I repeated.

Boris nodded. "Snakes, pirates, there is no way you aren't having loads of fun!"

Creepella clapped her paws in excitement. "You would not believe the fun we are having! I wish you could all be here."

I couldn't even manage to respond.

Luckily, Beaker intervened. "Um, I'm sorry to interrupt this little moment of JOY, but time is running out. You need to leave!"

Benjamin asked, "Professor, could you give us

a machine go faster?"

"Let me do a few CALCULATIONS..."
Beaker said, then nodded. "Yes! But it needs something really strong, like...
a superpowerful bananazoid. We will



COUNTING!

charge it up with extra banana peels! I'll handle it!"

Beaker and the entire von Cacklefur family disappeared, and suddenly, we heard the bananatransporter **Sizzling**.

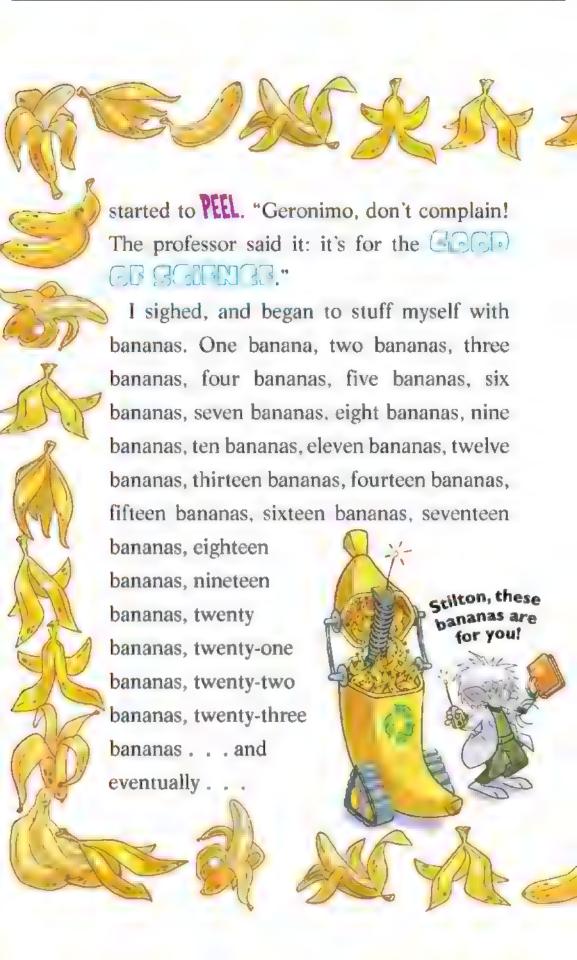
BZZZZZZZ!

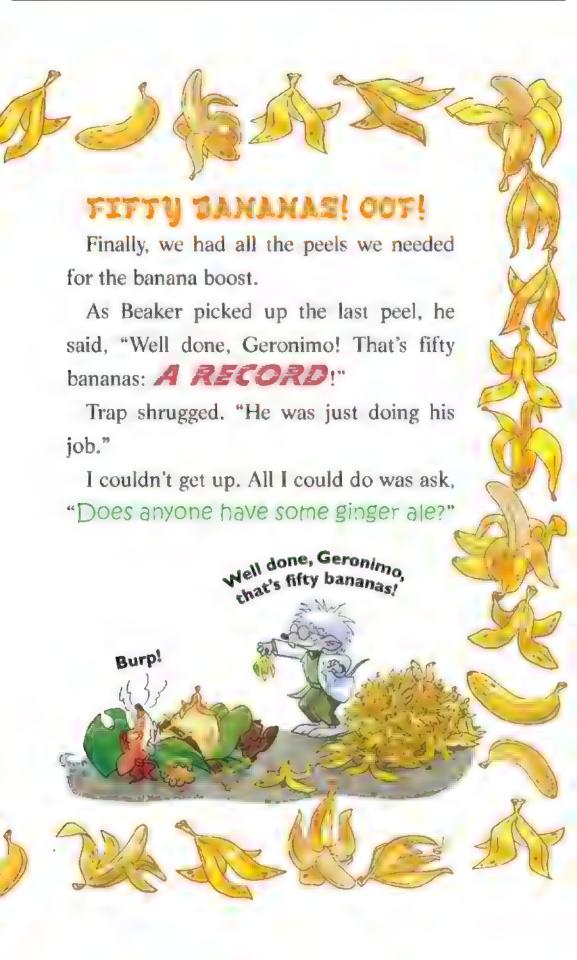
We all held our breath until we could make out the shape of . . . Decline 12. It was really him, in the fur and whiskers!

He had with him some sort of book and . . . a bin full of bananas!

"Here you go, Stilton, these bananas are for you!" he exclaimed. "Of course, they aren't as good as PiSTACHIOS, but my cousin Hercule told me that you love them, too, so it won't be a big deal for you to eat them ALL in the name of science!"

I started to protest. "Well, actually, I —"
But Trap was already pawing me a banana he'd







WE WANT TO MEET A CHILD PRODIGY!

Beaker approached the **Eartaratimer** and began to input the settings. "Okay, so, to visit **Mozar**, we could go to the time he was composing his —"

"Wait a minute, Professor Poirat!" Trappy and Benjamin interrupted.

Benjamin continued. "We want to see Mozart when he was still a young mouseling. We heard that he was called a Child prodigy!"

I smiled. "I think that's a fabumouse idea! Often young mice have things to teach us adults!"

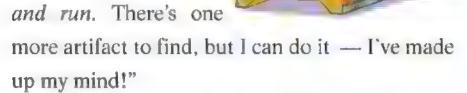
"So it's decided." Beaker smiled. "I also brought a book with the **scores**" of the greatest composers in history, including Mozart!"

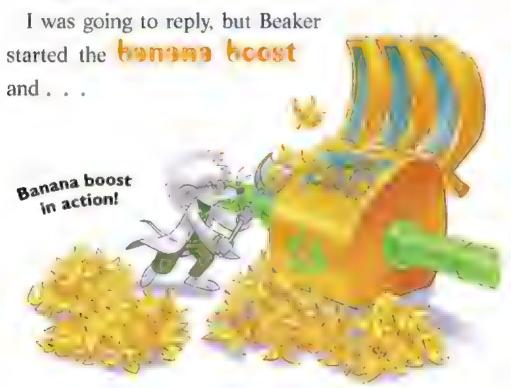
Trap took the **BOOK** and flipped through it

^{*} A score is a complete copy of a musical composition.

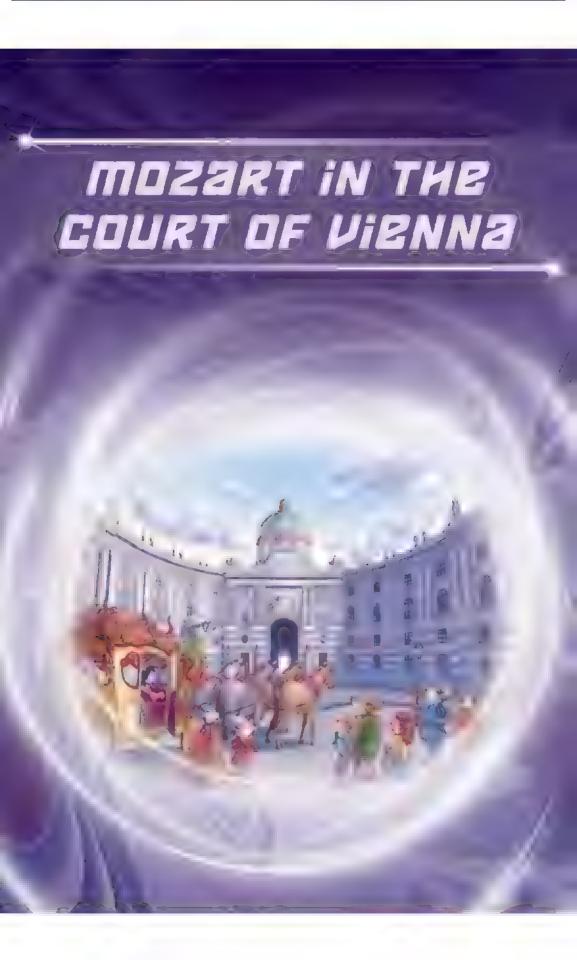


arrogantly. "Any mouse could write these! I'm great at composing — listen here: Traveling through time is always fun, until we have to turn











My Head Itches!

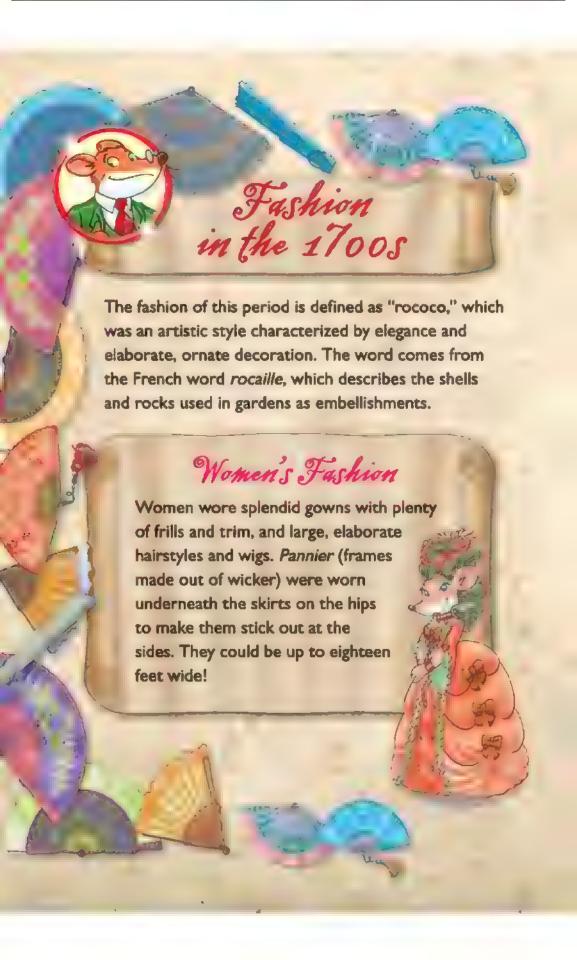
We found ourselves on a street in Salzburg, Austria, the city where Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarf was born in 1756. My head immediately felt itchy. I put my paw up to scratch it and realized that I was wearing a Wij — and so were my travel companions! How uncomfortable!

Trap was SCRATCHING his fur under the wig.

"We'll have to deal with the wigs — in this time, it was in style for *everyone* to wear them!" Creepella exclaimed.

I suddenly remembered one of Bluster's **Old lessons** and said, "That's right! Also, you should know that . . ."









"Well, you do know a thing or two!" Beaker said, impressed. "I didn't expect that: Bluster told me that you were a **terrible student**!"

I sighed. Convincing Bluster Squeak of my intelligence was an impossible mission!

At that moment, we heard voices behind us: there was a **ratlet** of about seven years old being accompanied by what I assumed were his older sister and father. The mouse approached us and said, "Hello, my name is Leopold Mozart. Are you the mice who are to take us to Passau by carriage and then to Vienna by boat?"





Holey cheese! It was Wolfgang Amadeus
Mozarf and his family!

Trap jumped in with a response. "Of course! I am obviously the leader of the group," he said, then took his wig off like it was a hat and bowed. "We are the Stiltonschultz Family, at your service!"

I WT SPERED, "What are you saying?! We don't know anything about carriage transport, let alone boat transport!"

Trap shushed me. "Shifth... minor details.

Now load the luggage onto the carriage!"



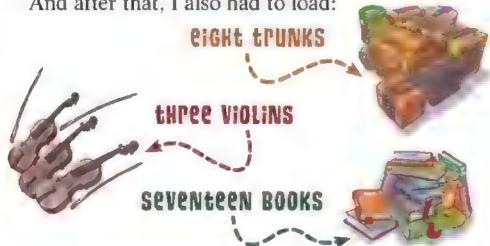




My Name Is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Unfortunately, that meant I had to load Mozart's enormouse harpsichord onto the carriage.

And after that, I also had to load:



In the process, I strained my neck, dented my tail, and MASHED my paw, because right as I was loading the sixth trunk, a carriage passed super close to me. It scared me so much

that I jumped, lost my balance, and dropped the trunk! Luckily, it just barely missed totally **CRUSHING** my paw.

Moldy mozzapollal for strossfull Finally, we all boarded the carriage. Trap and Beaker went up to the box (which is where the



As I was loading the sixth trunk, a carriage passed super close to me...

driver usually sits), and Creepella, Benjamin, Trappy, Mozart's family, and I sat inside.

Little Wolfgang looked at Benjamin and Trappy CURIOUSLY, and then he smiled at them and said, "My name is Wolfgang Amadeus, and this is my sister, Nannerl. And you?"

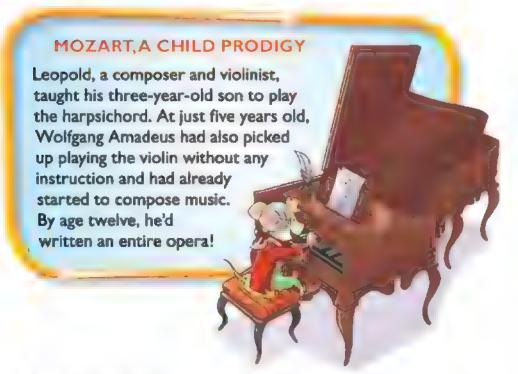


I jumped, and the trunk nearly crushed my paw!

Trappy responded, "Hi! I am Trappy and this is Benjamaus. What are you going to do in Vienna?" Wolfgang shrugged and answered, "We need to

PLAY in someone's court — I don't remember . . ."

His father, Leopold, frowned and said severely, "To the court of Empress Mania Thenesa, Wolferl"! It isn't just someone! And she wants you to play, because you are a Child Product."



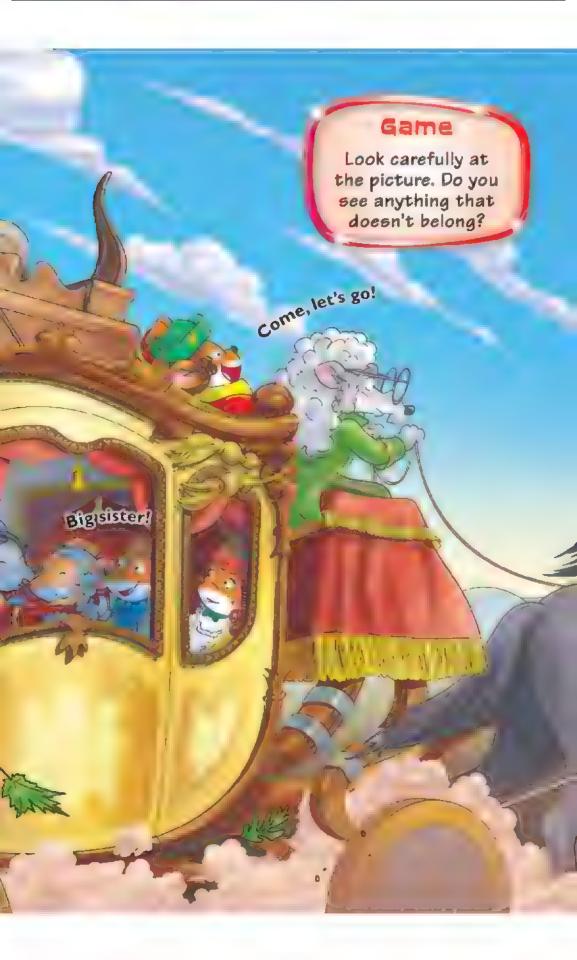
* Wolferl was the nickname that Wolfgang's father called him. Trappy noticed that Wolfgang's sister was off to the side, silent. She asked, "Do you play, too, Nannerl?"

Nannerl smiled Shyly. "Yes, I do! But . . . well, he is the genius!"

Hearing that, Wolfgang hugged her and said, "Big sister, you are amazing! And I love you very much!"

Nannerl, which is a nickname for "Marie Anna," was a highly talented harpsichord and piano player (and may also have been a composer), and she accompanied her beloved brother on performance tours through Europe. But her father ended her music career when she was eighteen so that she could get married, which was typical at that time in history.





"That's enough, Wolferl," Leopold said. "Did you remember to bring your SCOTES for the concert at the queen's court?"

Wolfgang nodded. "Of course, Father."

How exciting — we were right there with one of the **GREATEST GENIUSES** in history!

I looked at the young Nannerl Mozart and thought about how she could have become really famouse, too, if only she had lived in a DIFFERENT TIME...

I think Trappy had the same thought, because she suddenly took Nannerl's paw and \mathcal{n}() at her.



Maybe It's Time to Take a Little Break

After a few days of traveling by carriage, we reached Passau.

"Here we are!" Trap announced. "While Geronimüller unloads the **luggage**. Mr. Mozart and I will go and get tickets for our boat trip."

I tried to protest. "

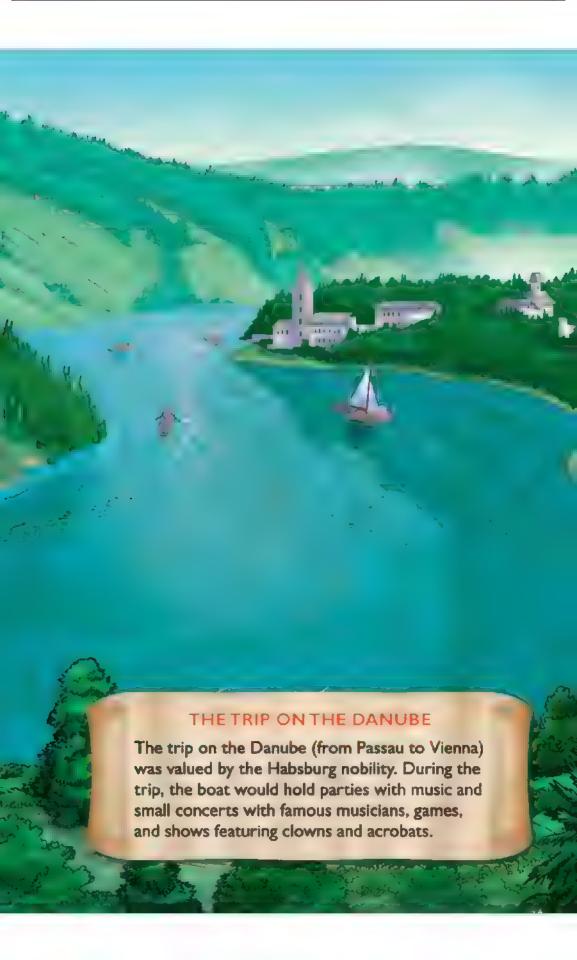
Trap whispered, "Oh shush, Geronimo, just do what I say!"

So I had to unload all the luggage. And then, once Trap and Leopold returned with the tickets, I had to load all luggage onto the boat!

Why, why, why

did everything always happen to me?







Once we got onto the boat, though, I was stunned. There were so many refined gentlemice, elegant lady rats, and even to entertain the passengers during the trip!

I looked at my travel companions, beaming — that is, until the ship began to move. We bobbed back and forth, and waved UP and DOWN... and, as you may know, I suffer from seasickness!

The result? After a few hours on the river, I was

GREEN WITH NAUSEN.

Creepella found me and said, "My darling mouse, I was thinking . . . let's arrange for acrobats at our wedding, too!"

"What wedding?!" I asked. Gulp! I didn't want to lose my cheese!

"Oh, you silly mouse!" she responded. "My, what a lovely greenish color you are! You look fantastic!"



"F-f-fantastic?! I feel awful!"

Great chunks of cheddar — my head was spinning!

At one point, I heard Trappy's squeak from afar, saying, "Would a slap on the snout cure him?"

"We could make him sniff some **Stinky Socks**," Trap suggested. "That usually works!"

Creepella added, "What if I gave him a kiss?"
It would be so romantic, just like in a fairy tale!"

Trap muttered, "I don't see how that will help!"

Finally, I started feeling better . . .

but when I looked up, Creepella was just a whisker away from me!

I yelled, "I'm good! I'm great! I'm fabumouse!"

"Fabumouse?" Leopold said, looking me up and down. "Allow me to disagree. You look "Little". Geronimüller!"





Beaker took out a magnifying glass and stared into my eyes. Finally he said, "Oh yes. This greetich color, this dizziness, this foolish nature: I think the subject is at risk of croaking! Maybe we should take a little break . . ."

"C-c-croaking?!" I stammered.

"Don't worry, darling," Creepella reassured me. "If that happens, my dad will take care of the COCKCT! Do you want it lined with velvet, or do you prefer something simpler?"

I thought I was going to faint.





My dear nephew Benjamin pointed to the sky. "It's DARK, and the ship will stop in Linz soon. What do you say we stay on land for the NGHT?"

Trap huffed. "Gerry, you're so weak! Oh fine, we'll stop."

A short while later, we got off the boat and entered an INN, tired and famished.

Leopold arranged for our rooms, but before going to bed, we all scarfed some bread and cheese. We were so hungry that it seemed exquisite!

While we were eating, Trap turned to Wolfgang and said, "I can't wait to hear you perform,

Two unpleasant-looking rats at the bar turned to us, interested. One of them squeaked, "Genius, you said?"

Trap responded. "GENIUS! GENIUS!
You heard right: I said genius, and I will say it



again. My new friend here is a real genius! He can play, and great Gouda, can he compose! You should hear him! And lucky for him, I am his manager*!"

One of the two rats was especially interested. "He composes, huh... who knows how much his works are worth?!"



* A manager of a musician is someone who deals with business side of things, such as handling finances, booking and promoting performances, and more.



Trap gave him a thumbs-up. Then he turned toward Leopold and nudged him. "Perhaps you didn't know, but in addition to being a transportation expert, I am also a great MACMALE." And this ratlet has something worth selling, trust me!"

I whispered to Trap, "What are you saying?! You aren't a manager!"

He huffed, "Geronimo, you're so fussy! Managing will be my seventeenth [77]."



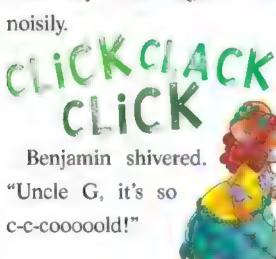
WHAT A NIGHT!

As the innkeeper took us to our rooms, I saw that the two creepy rats were following us with their eyes.

Strange! I didn't feel very at ease . . .

We all went up to the second floor, where it was horribly cold.

We were going to turn into miceicles! My teeth began to chatter





The mouselings were in one room, Creepella was in another, Leopold went with Beaker, and I was with Trap. The innkeeper gave us one bed warmer per room.

Trap took ours and said, "I'll stick it in the bed, Geronimo. Meanwhile, you go wash up. The BATHROCK is in the courtyard."

"In the courtyard?! It's going to be even colder down there! It's freezing out!" I squeaked. My dear mouse friends, you must know that I'm a rodent who gets quite cold. Drive, how cold!

So I put on my coat, my scarf, my boots, and my hat, and risked freezing my tail off outside.

Once I got back to the room, I changed quickly into my pajamas. But the ground was freezing, and so were my paws!

BRRHAMARRIA.

Then I slipped under the covers . . . but jumped out of them at once. They were freezing, too!

BRRARARARIR.

Why, why, why

does everything always happen to me?



I turned to Trap. He was already snoring! How was that possible? It was too cold!

Then I realized that Trap had only put the bed warmer on his side of the bed! I woke him up and said, "Does it seem fair that you're keeping the warmth all for yourself?!"

He looked at me, then rolled over and huffed. "Geronimo, you're always complaining! You're never happy. I did this for you, you know — the Cold is good for strengthening the body!"

I stared at him, squeakless.

Trap continued, "And I'm warning you: no snoring, okay? I'm a light sleeper!"

Squeak!
Why, why, why
did everything always
happen to me?



HER MAJESTY MARIA THERESA!

The next day, we set out at so. I was so, so tired — I hadn't closed my eyes all night. Meanwhile, my cousin was as fresh as a ball of mozzarella.

Trap looked at me and said, "You look terrible, Geronimo. Are you okay?"

"Well, not really. I didn't sleep very much, and —"

"Huh! How STRONGE — I slept amazingly well!"

We boarded the boat. After a few days of uneventful travel, we finally reached

Of course, once we arrived in the city, I again had to unload the bags, and then reload them onto a carriage that would take us to the royal palace. Sigh!





When the palace was in sight, Leopold got so excited, I almost thought he was the one who was going to play. He said to Wolfgang, "So, are you ready? You know they are all waiting for you! First you'll play with Nannerl, and then you'll play the pieces you composed. You have the scores, right? You have them?"

MY harpsichord,



Wolfgang smiled and responded, "Calm down, Father. The MUSIC is in my trunk."

I noticed that his behavior made him seem much MORE ADULT than a mouseling of his age! He was a child prodigy that was sure of his talents.

"Mr. Geronimüller," Wolfgang asked me, "could you unload my harpsichord and my trunk, please?"

I nodded, but just thinking about all that heavy

lifting (again!) made my back HURT!

As if that weren't enough, Trap began to say at me. "Come on now, Geronipants, he didn't ask you this by chance! Put that luggage on your back, you big lump of cheddar Jack!

Trala here, trala there, tralalala

everywhere!"

I loaded the trunk on my shoulders, trying not to let it fall. Beaker approached and said, "Stilton, you seem a bit tired. Why don't you try some ?

They really are fantastic — they'll give you a burst of energy!" Then he shoved some pistachios in my mouth.

I tried to turn my snout the other way, but with the TRUMM on my back, it was difficult. "Wait, Beaker! *Huff, puff!* Not now, I don't want any —"



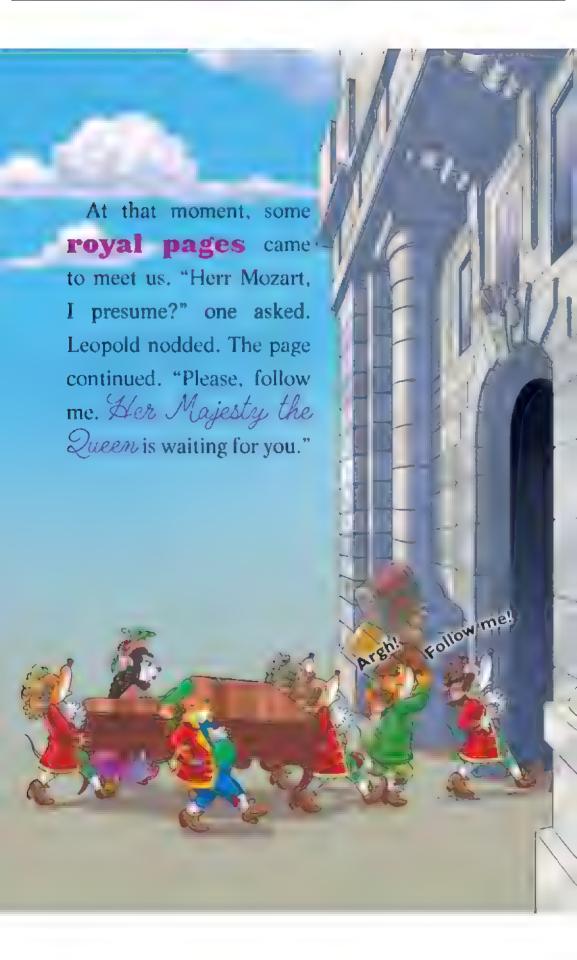
But it was too late. I was forced to choke down a pawful of pistachios all at once.

Why, why, why did everything always happen to me?

Finally, I managed to unload the trunk and the harpsichord.

Trap said, "Good job, Geronimaldo! You see, when you work hard, you can get things done."

I stammered, breathless, "M-m-my name isn't Geronimaldo. It's Geronimo!"





I Can't Find My Score!

We entered the **PALACE** and were struck by splendor of the rooms. There were shiny marble floors, stucco ceilings, and luxurious curtains.

Cheese niblets!
What a faburbouse place!

"My little bat wing, this wouldn't be a bad spot for a wedding, either!" Creepella exclaimed.

I turned red and replied, "Who is getting married?"

"Oh, you are such a jokester!" she said, smiling.

The royal page led us to a LARGE ROOM and said, "You can get settled here for now and wait until I call for you. Her Majesty the Queen only wants to hear the prodigy." Then he left the room.

Wolfgang blushed and squeezed Nannerl's paw. "I'm sorry," he said.

She smiled kindly. "Don't worry, little brother: you are the CHILD PRODIGY. They are right."

Wolfgang protested, "But I want to pay with you! You are amazing, too!"

"And we'll play soon! You'll see!" She hugged him.

Trappy huffed and whispered, "How terrible it was to be born at a time when **females** were seen as inferior. It's not fair!"

Creepella put a paw on her shoulder and whispered back, "You're right, little one. Luckily, things have changed through the centuries..."





Women Throughout History



PREHISTORY 4

Recent studies suggest that, in prehistoric hunter-gatherer societies, males and females were actually quite equal until farming became common practice.



ANCIENT EGYPT

Women were regarded as equal to men in this society in all areas except who did what jobs. Though there were many queens who had political power, there was only one



ANCIENT GREECE

Women had very few rights compared to men, and could not vote, or be elected to office, own land, inherit money. or attend public assemblies. All women were expected to marry, raise children, and manage their

household.



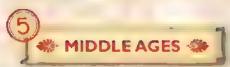
female pharaoh:

Hatshepsut.

ANCIENT ROME

Women were not seen as equal to men — their role was managing the home and raising a family, and they could not take on public roles. Some women were able to have greater influence. such the mothers. wives, and sisters of some emperors.





Society in the Middle Ages was controlled by the church and the aristocracy, and women were valued less than men—though they sometimes worked,

they were paid less. Poetry in this time elevated women who were protected by chivalric knights.



₩ 1700s 🗱

Though women participated in the French Revolution alongside men, they were still seen as second-class citizens throughout the 1700s. They made demands

for more
equality,
especially
politically,
but they
ultimately did
not receive it.





4



Gender roles were still very separated, but women started being able to more successfully make their voices heard through writing, public speaking, working, pursuing higher education, and

women's rights

conventions.

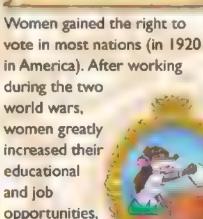


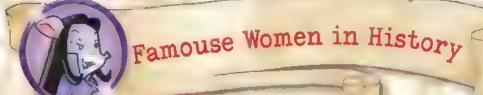
and their

traditional roles

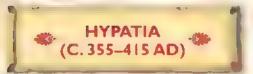
were reevaluated.

1900s (#





In addition to Cleopatra and Maria Theresa of Austria, there were other women who, despite the time period they lived in, managed to make their mark on history.



A woman of great intelligence, she was a mathematician, astronomer, and philosopher in Egypt during the Byzantine era.



She inspired the great poet Dante and his character Beatrice in The Divine Comedy, leaving an important mark on Italian literature.







At just twenty-five years old, she became queen of a country that needed to restore its reputation. Under her reign, England became a great power.





She was a great painter from the Caravaggio school and was the first woman to be accepted to Florence's Academy of Design.





An English novelist who is one of the most famouse women writers of all time. She wrote about ordinary people and everyday life in a time when most writers were men.



ELENA CORNARO PISCOPIA (**) (1646–1684)

She was the first woman to receive a degree from a university. (She got a degree in philosophy.) She was proficient in Greek, Latin, French, and Spanish.





In addition to winning two Nobel Prizes (in physics and chemistry), she discovered important information about radioactivity. She was the first woman to win a Nobel Prize.



Meanwhile, I helped Wolfgang open his trunk. "Are you nervous?" I asked.

He looked at me, and I noticed that his eyes sparkled. He answered, "No. I can't wait to play. You see, I can express myself better with notes than with words. For me, playing is natural — it's like flying is to an eagle. Music is my life."

Such wise words uttered by such a small ratlet!

Just then the royal page returned and solemnly announced, "Your Majesty would like to hear Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart!"

The time had come!

Wolfgang stuck his snout in his trunk to get his music . . . but after a moment, he shouted, "They're gone! Father, I can't find them!"

We rushed to help him. But there was no trace of his scores!

I said to Trap, "You go with Wolfgang and his family to the queen: we can't let Fer Majesty wait."

Then I looked at Wolfgang and said, "I promise that I will find your scores, and I will bring them to you in time. Mouse's honor."

Wolfgang nodded and gave me his paw. "Thank you, Mr. Geronimüller."





RED ALERT! HISTORY IS IN DANGER!

While Trap took Wolfgang to the royal hall, we turned his trunk INSIDE OUT. But there was still no sign of the scores!

I sighed and said, "Someone must have taken them..."





IS IN DANGER!

Benjamin nodded. "I think I know who: those two CREEPY RATS from the inn. They were too interested in our luggage!"

Suddenly, Trap returned. He was very happy, and burst out into a song and dance.



"Calm down, everyone — no damage has been done! The hero was Trap. All of history will clap! You will say, 'Yes — he's truly a genius!'

Oh yeah!"

Then he approached me arrogantly. "Geronimo, don't worry — I gave the Scores to that mouseling!"



IS IN DANGER!

He continued. "After this genius move, I'm pretty sure they'll put a **STATUE** of me at the entrance to the Archaeology Mouseum of New Mouse City. I will become honorary president of the Time Travelers' Academy! I'll be showered in gold!"

For some reason, Trap was *not* making me feel Calm. I asked, "Trap, how did you manage to find Wolfgang's scores?"

He shrugged and responded, "Easy, Geronimo: I didn't find Wolfgang's scores — I just gave him some random ones!"

Slimy Swiss on a stick! What was he thinking?! "What do you mean 'random'?!" I squeaked.

"You know Beaker's book? Well, I just pulled out a page, and —"

"But that's the chapter of Beethoven's* scores!" Beaker yelled, waving the book.

^{*} Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827) was a German composer and pianist.



RED ALERT! HISTORY WAS IN DANGERRRR!

"Stilton, this is not just

any old trouble! We
need to stop Wolfgang from
playing. Not only because the
work isn't his, but because it
was written many years
in the future! We can't
change the course of history!"

Beaker was right: there was no time to lose! I darted out of the room, determined to do anything to stop Mozart from playing one of Beethoven's works — before Beethoven even existed! I ran down a long corridor and finally saw an enormouse door: the royal hall! I burst inside, and







Geronimüller, the Jester

The royal guards stared at me in silence. Wolfgang stared at me in silence. Marie Antoinette stared at me in silence. Basically, the entire court was staring at me in silence, until Queen Maria Theresa me with her fiery gaze.

"And who, may I ask, are you?" she said. "How dare you interrupt the beginning of the royal concert?"

I glanced at Wolfgang. The score was closed in front of him, so he hadn't played it yet. **HISTORY WAS GAVED!**

But I had to do something to keep it that way! So I flashed a huge smile and responded, "Who am I?! Um, I am . . . the . . . great Geronimüller, the JESTER!"

The queen lifted an eyebrow. "Very well, I give you permission to perform your show before I took five apples . . young Mozart plays."

Moldy mozzarella. now what?! How was I supposed to enfertain the court and the queen?

I saw a BOWL OF GPPLES, grabbed five, and began to throw them above me like a juggler. But something went wrong, and all five of them honked me on the head. Youch!

I heard whispers around the room.

"This rat is supposed to be a great jester? Humph . . . I'm not convinced!"





I tossed them in the air like a juggler . . .



One by one, they bonked me on the head!



I asked for a lady's handkerchief...



I tried to hide it behind my back . . .



But when I brought out my paws, it fell to the ground!

"He's so CLUMSY!"

"If he doesn't shape up, the queen will throw him in the dungeon."

Squeak! The dungeon?!
I needed another idea.

I asked a lady for a handkerchief and exclaimed, "Um . . . Geronimüller is also a magician! You see this handkerchief?"

Then I put it behind my back and tried to make it disappear. But something didn't work, and when I brought my paws out front and said, "Ta-da!" the

handkerchief fell to the ground.

"This rat is supposed to be a magician?! Humph!"

"He seems a like a circle to me . . ."

"Maybe the queen will crush him without putting him in the dungeon first."

ME?! WHAT COULD I DO?!

I heard a voice coming from the crowd. It was my dear nephew Benjamin! He yelled, "Uncle G, try to tell some jokes — they always work!"

So I cleared my throat and said, "Um, so . . . A countess called her butler — no, wait, maybe it was a *queen*. And maybe

he wasn't a butler, but a page?"

I caught sight of Trap. His paw was over his eyes and he was shaking his snout. Was I really doing so bad?!

I looked at the queen: her eyes were two slits.

Rancid ricotta! Things were definitely going

HORRIBLY!

Her Majesty stood up and thundered, "Grab that rat and throw him in the dungeon! At once! Now! ASAP! Immediately! Move it!"

Two guards approached and lifted me up without saying a word.

I yelled, "No, wait, I think I remember the joke now . . . SQUEAK!"

As the guards were carrying me out of the room,



I heard music in the air. Cheese and crackers, it was truly *beautiful*! We were all squeakless. Even the guards put me down and stopped to listen.

I looked to the center of the room and saw Wolfgang Playing the harpsichord. But the score was closed, so it wasn't Beethoven's music. (Thank goodmouse!) It was one of Wolfgang's own compositions — he was playing it from memory! What an amazing mouse!

Empress Maria Theresa had tears in her eyes.

Music truly has the power to melt your H .t and touch your Soul!









GRAB THE ARTIFACT AND LET'S JET!

Wolfgang continued to play, showing that he had quite a prodigious memory. Then, after a while, he did something extraordinary: the little genius turned away from the keyboard and played with his paws Behind HIS BACK! At the end of the performance, the room exploded into applause.

GREAT GORGONIOLA, WHAT AN ENGRHOUSE SUCCESS!



The empress was moved. She smiled, forgetting how mad she had been just a moment earlier.

Wolfgang got up and bowed,

happi(9. I could tell that, for him, playing really was the meaning of life. He saw me and walked over, carrying

One was the score that Trap had ripped from Beaker's book, but the other one I didn't recognize.

"Mr. Geronimüller, I want to thank you for having tried to HELP ME," Wolfgang said. "Luckily, I managed to play the music from my memory, so I don't need this score! And to pay you back, I beg that you accept this new piece that I WROTE yesterday at the inn. It's for you!"

I took the two pieces of paper. I put Beethoven's score in my pocket (history was saved!), and then I looked at the music written by the small (but amazing!) Mozart.

I whispered to him, "Thank you from the bottom of my Heart. I will never forget you!"

At that moment, Beaker put the bananagraph under my snout and yelled, "Pesky pistachios! We

only have Fiftaan Minutes until time runs out! We need to go back!"

"Putrid Parmesan! Fifteen Minutes?!"

Trap exclaimed, "Come on — grab the artifact, and let's jet!"

We all hugged the two Mozart siblings and said our good-byes.

I noticed that Trappy gave Nannerl a 🤥 📉 with a heart charm that she had with her. Trappy said, "This is for you. You're worth a lot, too, and you're a great musician. Promise me that you'll Thank you, friend!

never forget your passions!"

Nannerl hugged Trappy once more. "Thanks! I promise, my friend!"

> Seeing those SWeet mouselets melted my heart like fondue!

But now we needed

to run from the palace and from the 1700s: the mouseum was waiting for its **last artifact**!

Once we were safe in the palace's courtyard, we enlarged the safe in the safe in the palace's courtyard, we enlarged the safe in the safe

THREE ... TWO ... ONE ...





STORM!

Rat-munching rattlesnakes! Would we reach New Mouse City in time to paw over the last artifact?

While I was wondering, the Bananacraft began to move — to the right and to the left, w and down, faster and faster!

The lights turned off, and then turned on, and then kept turning OFF and ON again. We Squeak! were tossed from one side of the

Bananacraft to the other.

"Beaker, Walt is happoning?!" I velled.

Beaker tried to grab on to one of the bananaseats. and yelled, "It's a spatiotemporal storm, Stilton.



Help!

Let's just hope the Bananacraft follows the coordinates!"

"So there is the risk that . . . we'll get lost in time?" Benjamin

spatio-tempe

were

squeaked. "Helpppp!"

Beaker nodded seriously. Then there was a

finally an **Olectric shock**burned out all the lights inside.
And suddenly, everything was calm... **and Dark**!

Then the lights
turned back on, and
we found ourselves
back at the Time
Travelers' Academy. We
safe! And we were home!

We all hugged and cheered, "hooray!"

The door to the professors, Paws von

Volt, Bluster Squeak, and Cyril B. Sandsnout, appeared.

Sandsnout exclaimed, "Quick, Geronimo, we're still in time! Ratmund Rattisford has just arrived at the mouseum and is examining the artifacts. Did you bring the last one?"

I rummaged through my pocket and pulled out the score that little Mozart had given me.

"Fabumouse! Let's go up to the mouseum!"







THE PRIZE IS YOURS!

We quickly went up the stairway of the secret passageway and came out on the main room of the Mousian.

No one saw us as we popped out of the trapdoor.

There was a crowd of silent rodents in the mouseum's main hall, waiting as Ratmund Rattisford examined the new artifacts with a *jeweler's loupe* on his eye. He studied Alexander the Great's vase, Cleopatra's scepter (which was a surprise bonus for the mouseum!), and Francis Drake's gold coins.

I approached Rattisford and handed him Mozart's score. "Here, this one was missing."

He raised an eyebrow and looked at me sharply. "What a bizarre manner of dress you have!"

I looked down at myself — I was still dressed like



a mouse from the 1700s! I turned REDDER than a cheese rind and took my wig off.

Rattisford carefully took the SCORE I gave him and began to examine it with the loupe.

We all stood watching him, holding our breath.

Moldy mozzarella! What a tense moment!

Ratmund Rattisford stood up suddenly, making us all JUMP in surprise. His expression went



from severe to bright and happy. He opened his arms and said seriously, "That to which my heart had deeply attended has come to fruition"!"

Trap huffed. "I never understand a **Cheese Crumb** of his speech!"

Rattisford, smiled. "Basically, what I mean is: the artifacts are ALL REAL! I am especially excited about Cleopatra's scepter: it is a true rarity, and will make this mouseum extra special and unique."

Then he took the **Petrified Cheese Prize** and pawed it to Cyril B. Sandsnout, saying, "The prize is yours, and it is most definitely well-deserved! Congratulations!"

^{*} That means: What I'd hoped for with all my heart has happened!





THE TIME TRAVELERS' PARTY

Cyril B. Sandsnout organized a big party, which started right after we changed out of our eighteenth-century clothing. Everyone — and I mean everyone — came, including my sister, Thea, and even Grandfather William Shortpaws!

My grandfather put his paw on my shoulder. "You could've done better, Grandson . . ." he said. "But you really didn't do half bad!"



I smiled in thanks. A moment later, I felt a tug on my jacket. I turned and saw Creepella with the entire VON CACKLEFUR family!

Boris said, "So? How was your vacation with Creepella . . ."

«MACATIONS»

"Yes, it sounded like loads of fun. So much adventure!"

"Well, it was more like a mission."

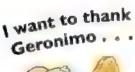
"A mission to have a great time!"

"No, a mission to gather artifacts for the mouseum."

Creepella came and MSSED my cheek. "We had a great time!"

Just then, Cyril B. Sandsnout asked for silence and said, "I







would like to TELANIX
Geronimo Stilton for helping us find all the artifacts we needed — and an extra one, too! The Archaeology Mouseum of New Mouse City owes him so much!"

Everyone applauded and cheered:

"Nice Job, Stilton!"

"Hooray!"

I blushed. "Thank you!" I said. "But actually, it isn't all thanks to me! Without "I Fail Lef, and without the other time travelers, I would never have been able to do it! Thank you to Trap, Creepella, Trappy, Benjamin, Bluster Squeak, Beaker Poirat, and Paws von Volt. Each one of us helped. Together we make a really STRONG TLAM!"

I felt truly happy. We had traveled through four different time periods in history and managed to get back in time to save the mouseum.

And on the way, we had respected every rule of the TIME TRAVELER'S VOW!







My dear rodent readers: don't ever forget the importance of TIME! Traveling through time has truly shown me that it can't be taken for granted.

Live every moment as if it were the most important one!

And that's the truth, or my name isn't Geronimo Stilton!



Alexander the Great



Queen Cleopatra



Sir Francis Drake



Mozart

A tail-curling journey through time!

I, Geronimo Stilton, must travel through time once again! The mouseum was being awarded the Petrified Cheese Prize, an award given to the best mouseums in the world. We were celebrating at a big party when three artifacts went missing.

There was only one solution! We had to travel into history to find the missing artifacts and bring them to the present. My friends and I climbed into the latest time machine for another adventure!

During our mission we met a young Alexander the Great and Queen Cleopatra. We battled pirates, and we even watched Mozart create new music. Could we collect the relics and make it back to the mouseum in time to win the award?

SCHOLASTIC

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